

Scaled Schemes

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[crimeboys and sbi](#)), [Can I get me some soft dark fluff?](#), [Good Stuff That's Completed or Dormant](#), [020](#), [Sk1tats](#), [c20w_'s stash of treasures](#), [Stalker's Amongst Stalker's](#), [konokure's all time best](#), [hixpatch's all time favorites](#), [SBI Fics That Breath Life Into My Lungs](#), [SBI fics instead of therapy](#), [Cheesing or crying I can't tell](#), [1sfw fanfics from different fandoms](#), [p, adore](#), [Mcyt\(mostly SBI\) fics that I adore](#), [cauldronrings favs \(・ω・\)◇](#), [sbi that cures my issues \(or maybe gives me them\)](#).

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Scaled Schemes

by [Flustered](#)

Summary

There is something living in the walls. Wilbur and Phil can hear it scratching at night, stealing their things, and eating their food. Whatever it was, it wasn't welcome. It could get past their wards and locked doors, slithering around eating their golden apples.

Meanwhile- Tommy is having a great time. The tower was warm, had an abundance of soft things to steal and make nests with, and all the food he could ever want! It was everything the small dragon could ever dream of.

It's a pity that once Tommy is discovered, he can't leave.

Notes

I want to let Sailing know they're super amazing and a great author!! If you haven't checked their work out then do it!!

DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUHH

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

The first thing that Tommy can remember is warmth. The soft heat of the blankets and padding that Tommy tumbled into when he was first hatched. The second thing was the cold membrane and liquid that dripped from his scales as he let out a pitiful screech. His first sound- and hey! Tommy liked making it. He yowled again, his little blunt claws tangling up in the warm fuzzy blanket.

There was something missing. He blinked at his surroundings, and some part of his lizard brain poked at the lack of something, or someone, missing.

Then some big fleshy-like things picked Tommy up from the blanket and he let out a protesting hiss. “Hey there lil guy. Aren’t you the cutest thing?”

Tommy didn’t understand the weird noises at all. He just mewled his hunger, his little jaws snapping. He was given strips of meat bigger than him! And Tommy gobbled it down until his stomach was extended, and he let out a sigh of satisfaction. This whole eating thing was really good, Tommy decided he liked it too.

There were a few other bright flashes that he could recall from the beginning of his life. Comforting hands, cooing voices, a green sweater, and a white porcelain mask with a smile carved into it.

Tommy longed for those early days. The comfort and warmth he was given unconditionally, the soft laughter as Tommy stumbled around with his new limbs. All of it- even the embarrassing bits, Tommy wanted back.

It was easier to think of that time than be faced with the present. The affection had cooled after a while. The gifts that Tommy was given to make up his hoard were taken, even though Tommy didn’t really like them they were still *his*. Gold coins that were bigger than his head, little shards of lapis, one singular diamond. All of them were so cold- not like the blankets that Tommy preferred. But they were for him, and then Tommy upset Dream so then he didn’t get to have his hoard anymore.

That wasn’t the worst thing. As the years went by, marked by the seasons changing, Tommy didn’t *grow*. Sure, he wasn’t a little tiny dragon anymore, barely bigger than a mouse. But Tommy wasn’t big enough to take Dream flying, and that is what Dream wanted. Hell, Tommy couldn’t even fly yet, his wings were still too small to lift off the ground. He watched as birds, barely smaller than him, took off with great beats of their wings, and he gazed longingly into the sky.

Tommy wanted to be big. Wanted to be able to fly. He didn’t like how Dream looked at him, with a sneer and distaste in his green eyes. He wanted- Tommy craved so badly to be good. To be the dragon that Dream wanted him to be. But Tommy was barely the size of a ‘ferret’ that Sapnap once told him about.

It was unfair. It was *so* unfair.

Everything Tommy didn't wasn't good enough. He would sneak out and try to find the best gifts to give Dream. Hoping that it would appease his friend. But Dream called his rocks and sticks were garbage. And then told Tommy that he couldn't go outside anymore, and then three days later Dream came home with the *cage*.

It was gold. Dream said it was a gift.

Tommy didn't have the heart to tell him that he hated it. But Dream could see how Tommy's tail flicked in distaste, and he got angry. He grabbed Tommy by the scruff and put him in the cage, without any lining or any soft things to stop the cold metal from leaching warmth from Tommy.

He couldn't lay down, it made his scales hurt. Tommy had to stand up, hunched in an awkward position so he could avoid touching the metal as long as he could. By the time Dream let him out, Tommy was shaking and nearly blacking out with exhaustion.

After that, Dream would put Tommy in the cage whenever Tommy did something bad. Like when he caught Tommy stealing a ratty boot from his closet, or when Tommy had snatched a piece of meat off his plate after Dream was done eating. Tommy only took the things he knew that Dream was going to throw out- he would never touch Dream's hoard. But Dream was offended that Tommy was taking his things anyways.

Tommy was bad.

Sometimes he didn't know why he was doing these things. He would try to be good, and follow all of Dream's rules. But then something would catch Tommy's eyes and the next thing he knew he had a bit of cloth in his mouth and Dream was standing over him with that distasteful look on his face.

Tommy warbled his apology, his tail tucking underneath him as he huddled in a small ball. And Dream would scruff him and throw him into the cage and just leave him there. Tommy shivered silently. The one time he cried, Dream had stomped back into the room and threw the cage and Tommy into the closet and didn't let him out for an eternity.

There are a lot of things that Tommy would do in a heart beat for Dream. He would grow as big as a mountain just for a pet. He would soar a thousand miles just to hear Dream laugh. *Anything*.

But Dream brought some man who was looking Tommy up and down with a scary look in his eyes, and even though Tommy is a dragon he could *understand* their conversation. Tommy is supposed to sit on this cushion and be *very* still. But how can he hold still when the man is casually asking Dream how much Tommy's wings would sell?

And- and Dream wasn't saying, "no I would never hurt my dear friend Tommy. He is too precious and valuable to me."

He was saying, "maybe a couple hundred gold? I hear mages love the stuff."

Tommy was supposed to sit still. He isn't allowed outside either. But Dream went to grab him and- and Tommy was just so scared. He didn't want his wings chopped off! And the shadow that Dream's hand cast over Tommy's face obscured just *who* was grabbing Tommy that-

-that Tommy bit him.

Dream snatched his hand back, wet with blood, and he stared down at Tommy like he had a second head. And then an angry shadow curled across Dream's face, and Tommy cowered. And then Dream went to grab him and Tommy did something even worse! He ran!

His paws skittered across the floor in a desperate lunge to get away. He couldn't face Dream anymore- knowing that he was so bad. Dream would lock him up in that cage for *days*. Or worse- chop Tommy's wings off.

How could Tommy fly with Dream if he had no wings?

There was a smash and a clatter, Tommy's heart was racing as he dodged and wove under looming feet and one of the pots in the corner shattered when Tommy bumped it. Dream was yelling. And Tommy was so scared he bolted straight through the slightly ajar front door and out onto the cool grass. He couldn't stop, leaping through the fence posts and out into the trees, his tail tucked between his legs.

Tommy ran and ran and ran. Until his little paws were so sore and his body ached from the exertion. The sun had fallen, bathing the forest in darkness. Tommy didn't mind the darkness, he could see through it just fine. He had thought it so funny that Sapnap and Dream couldn't and he'd giggle every time he saw them stumbling around.

But there was no Sapnap or Dream here. Tommy honestly had no idea where he was. Only that he was very far away from home, and that he was tired. With two little paws he dug out a hole from under a tree's roots and curled up underneath.

He wished he had a blanket. Tommy shivered slightly and curled up even tighter. Even though Tommy was sore and tired, he couldn't sleep a wink that night.

The first night was the worst. But after that... living out in the woods was actually pretty fun! Tommy got to see all sorts of things that he wasn't allowed to before. Like a deer! Tommy had tried to stalk it but when he jumped on it's back his mouth couldn't fit around it. It screamed and bucked him off, sending him into a patch of grass before it ran for it's life.

Yeah, it better run. Tommy will catch it. One day.

For now Tommy was content eating the stray mice, and one magnificent day, a whole *rabbit*. He didn't need a deer. But they did look so fat and juicy.

He swam in the rivers and dove super far down! Some rivers were very deep, and Tommy was lucky he could see in the dark. He found all sorts of pretty things down there, like cool glowing rocks. But they never really caught his eye, Tommy preferred to hoard soft things.

Like the soft fluff he found in a bird's nest. Or he found a sheep once wandering around, and he laid on its soft back until he heard a shepherd in the distance calling for it.

Living in the forest was so amazing. Tommy loved it! Although it was getting colder these days. The sun wasn't as hot as it used to be. Tommy recalled that the seasons changed from the really nice warm one to the very nasty cold one. Yuck!

The sun wasn't in the sky as often, and the cold was creeping in even further. Tommy knew he had to do something. Staying out in that horrible icy snow wasn't a possibility. He had to find shelter.

But Tommy was a bit too late on that front. The snow arrived far too quickly for his liking. He had no nice home with a fireplace stocked with wood, like Dream did. He only had a little nest underneath a tree, with no padding and a leaking problem. Cold water dripped onto his scales. It was bad. So Tommy had to set out to find somewhere to huddle down for the winter. Just a little bit. And then he could frolic in the fields again.

Tommy knew where to find humans. He kept himself far, far away. Even though he knew he was a bad dragon, and he should go find Dream. But Tommy really didn't know what Dream would do when he got home, and if Tommy put it off long enough then maybe Dream would just ignore how bad Tommy was and just be happy that he had returned. Yes! Of course, that is exactly what Dream would do.

Shivering, Tommy gauged how long it would take for him to find a village. It would probably take *hours* if he had to slither his way through the snow. He peered up at the lone mountain that loomed overhead. He was sort of near that one weird tower place. He had only caught a glimpse of it before turning tail and running away. But Tommy recalled it was near the base of the mountain.

It was going to be his safest bet. Tommy miserably moved through the snow, each step making him wince. He really hated being cold. It made his bones ache. It took too long for Tommy's taste but he caught sight of the smoke rising from the chimney first. And then he moved a bit quicker, and saw the tower looming over the trees.

It was wonky. It was nothing like the straight box-like houses that the villagers and Dream had. This one had layers in the shape of circles, each of them stacked unevenly onto top of each other like cake. It leaned a bit to the side, and it didn't look like any other place Tommy had been in before. Well, some people lived in weird places.

He ignored how strange it was, and instead focused on the fact that there was smoke rising from a chimney. There was a fire in the tower. And that meant warmth. And Tommy could finally stop having cold paws. He bounced over the snow, and almost immediately his eye caught on a crack in the wall. Oh! There was an entrance. Excellent!

Tommy wormed his way through the stone. Finding that there was a sizable gap between the rock of the outside of the house, and the wood interior of the tower. Tommy's claws dug into the wood and he climbed. Already he could feel so much warmer inside! He let out a pleased hiss as he felt his scales warm up.

All he had to do was follow the trail of heat back to its source. There were people here, Tommy could hear their voices. His ears pricked up at the sound, and he stayed very quiet as he maneuvered through the walls to be as close as he could to the fire. He stayed hidden in the walls as he crept as close as he could to the heat.

Oooh. That felt so good. Tommy slumped up against a beam. Yes, Tommy will stay here. Just for the fire.

He stayed there until he could feel the tips of his wings again. He is curious. And he wondered who exactly would live in a weird little tower like this. Climbing over the wood and various beams, Tommy leaned up to a hole in the wood and looked through it.

And froze.

Because there was a man in there. He wore yellow robes that had stars twinkling on them. It looked so warm and fuzzy- it made Tommy's claws itch. He wanted to wrap his entire body in that. But the man was also reading a really big book. And he held a stick that glowed with magic.

A mage!

Oh no, a *mage*.

Hadn't Dream said, right before Tommy ran off, that mages loved dragon wings? Oh no. Oh no no no. It would be very *very* bad for Tommy if the mage found him. He wouldn't be able to fly!

Tommy curled back from the hole, curling his wings around himself. He should leave. But leaving also meant he would have to go out in that horrible snow again. But if he stayed then there was a chance the mage would find him and cut his wings off! But if Tommy went outside it'd be *cold*.

For a long time, Tommy debated it. And finally came to a decision.

If Tommy leaves, he *will* be cold.

If Tommy stayed, there is a *chance* he could be found.

He would rather take the chance than the cold, any day. So Tommy curled up into a ball, and decided that he would stay. He just won't get caught ever. He was too good for that.

Wow! There were a lot of hiding holes here. When Tommy woke up from his nap feeling all warm and nice, he decided to explore. He needed to, what Sappnap would say, 'scope out the territory.' The sky was dark out, and humans couldn't see good without light. Tommy didn't know if mages were the same thing as humans or not. They looked human. They acted like humans. But once Tommy saw a guy outside with Bad who looked like *diamonds* and he had looked kind of human too.

Still, Tommy kept to the shadows and peered around every corner. He didn't want to be caught on his first night here. And to Tommy's amazement, there were so many amazing places to hide in! First off, the walls had tons of space for him to run around in. The floorboards were lifted off the stone, and that meant Tommy could crawl underneath them too. There wasn't any dust, like Tommy expected there to be.

It must be that thing that mages had, what was it called again? Magic? Tommy didn't know that mages could make dust go away or he would have asked Dream long ago to have one come over and clean out that space under Dream's bed.

Although maybe it was a good thing because what if the mages price was Tommy's wings! Oh how horrible! That would be the worst thing ever.

Tommy would rather live with dust than have his wings taken away!

The next thing that Tommy found, to his delight, was that there were a whole lot more rooms than he had ever seen! He was certain that there were maybe four layers to the wonky cake-looking tower. But Tommy could go *up and up* and there were more than four! He tried to count, but he didn't know what number was after twenty, so he stopped. There were so many cool rooms. Some of them were empty, others had weird things drawn on the floor, there was one that had bones all along the wall. It was cool!

When Tommy was younger he would chew on bones. He stopped after Dream made fun of him being a dog. He wasn't a mutt! Tommy is a *dragon*!

Near the bottom of the tower was a kitchen. And Tommy *loved* it. There were all sorts of strange foods that Tommy never smelled before. But there was one that he instantly picked out from all of the scents. It was golden apples. It made Tommy hiss with pleasure, and he followed the trail until he found a bowl just *full* of them.

They were his favorite snack. Dream kept them because they were good for fighting or whatever. And he never let Tommy have some unless he was *really* good. And there was just this whole bowl sitting here, and Dream wasn't there to stop him!

Tommy gently lifted one up in his paws and smuggled it away until he was safe in a wall. He gorged on it, hissing happily. It was so flavorful and it made him feel so full. His tail flicked back and forth as he eyed another one in the basket.

But eating a golden apple paled in comparison to the pure joy of finding a *whole closet* full of soft things the next night.

"Wilbur?" Phil was in the kitchen, two days later. "Have you seen my keys?"

Wilbur looked up from his manuscript, his brows furrowed with concentration. "Your keys?"

"Yes, with the little sheep keychain on it." Phil pulled up a couch cushion, looking under it and digging his hands in the crack. His long hair falling over the pointed tips of his ears. He pulled out a wrinkled wrapper, his nose scrunching up in disgust.

“I haven’t touched your keys.” Wilbur said, “isn’t it in the bowl by the door?”

“No, I checked.” Phil let out a frustrated sigh, “I need to go check on the netherwart barn and those had my last copy on it.”

“I think I have a key for the barn. It’s probably in the junk drawer.” Wilbur waved to the said drawer that was so full of crap that it was unable to close. Papers were haphazardly piled on top of each other, a box leaning to the side, almost falling over, all of it crammed into the tiny little drawer. Phil glanced at it with a displeased look.

“How you can live in a pigsty, I don’t know.” Phil put his hands on his hips.

Wilbur scoffed, “I keep the living areas clean, you don’t get to rag on me about how I keep my things. And besides, you are the one who lost your keys, not me.”

Phil threw his hands in the air, moving over to the junk drawer and began to rummage around. “I didn’t lose it. I swear, I put them back every time.”

“Right. It’s not like the keys just *magically* walked off on their own.” Wilbur rolled his eyes, and then turned back to his manuscript. "Your memory is going, old man."

"I may be immortal but I am not *old*."

Chapter 2

After a week, Tommy was pretty sure that this “Wilbur” character wasn’t a mage. Tommy had caught the names of the two men while they talked to each other as he made his nest. The tall man with curly brown hair with the sparkling wand in hand was Wilbur, while the tall blonde with black wings and pointy ears was Phil. And Tommy was pretty sure that Wilbur wasn’t *actually* a mage.

He couldn’t find where Wilbur kept his murder room! Or the one full of jars of various body parts of magical creatures. Tommy *looked* okay? He really wanted to see what a mage would do if one caught him, but Tommy searched high and low and he couldn’t find a single clue where the murder dungeon was.

That, or Wilbur was a very bad mage. What kind of mage didn’t get a clue that he needed a murder dungeon?

Tommy scampered through the dozens of rooms. There was far more space inside of the wonky tower than there should be, he even opened up drawers and cupboards to see if there were any mysterious gunk inside of them. The closest he found was something called ‘mustache wax’ and Tommy had never heard of an animal called a mustache before. Tommy licked it. And then recoiled dramatically.

Still, there weren't enough clues. Tommy went into the fourth dining room, and looked behind all of the plates in a china cabinet. Nothing! He looked under the beds of all twenty guestrooms. Still nada! What a crime! Tommy ended up taking a snooze on one of the beds, curled up onto a pillow like a purring cat. When he woke up he continued on his hunt.

He had to find something wrong with this mage. It wasn’t adding up! Tommy was certain of it. There was a room full of dried leaves and spices, but that wasn’t magical in the slightest. It didn’t make his scales buzz, and he sniffed daintily before sneezing. A puff of smoke rose from his snout.

The only thing that was kind of magical was the runes inscribed into the stone walls, which Tommy licked a few times before shrugging and moving on. And Wilbur’s clothes. They were amazing. They were not magical, but simply so *soft* that Tommy had raided his closet and stolen the best of the best for his nest.

In fact, there were so many soft things that Tommy ended up making more than just one nest. He had one next to the fireplace, under the floorboards, and it was his favorite one to sleep in at night. He had one in the kitchen walls, where he could sleep in after he ate. A few others were scattered around. Some of them were under large pieces of furniture. One was on top of a bed in a musty guest room, but the sunlight would hit the bed just right for a few hours so Tommy could sleep under its warmth.

It was pretty amazing. Tommy might not move out when spring comes.

Of course, it was only when Tommy let his guard down, did something scary happen. He was snoozing in his kitchen nest, after eating a leftover roast, a happy little bit of smoke rising up from one nostril when the door opened. Wilbur and Phil walked in, snow clinging to their shoes. A cold draft rushing into the cracks of the wall, and hitting Tommy's scales. He grumbled in anger, his nap ruined. Horrible! Mean humans! Daring to-

To-

A third man walked inside. No, it wasn't a man. It was a *monster*. A horrible big monster! Tommy shrank into his nest, his body locking in fear. His eyes were wide as he stared through one of the cracks.

The monster might look like a man. He had pink hair that was tied up in a ponytail, with pointed ears like Phil had. But his red eyes had slits in them, and the way that he moved was like a predator. It wasn't until the scent of him reached Tommy that he figured out what he was. His little tongue flicking out and tasting the air.

A dragon.

A bigger, scarier, threatening dragon. Tommy had heard from Dream that dragons were super territorial. And Tommy was *here*. No doubt this tower was on the dragon's land. He would rip Tommy to shreds in a second!

Tommy saw the moment when the dragon breathed in, his red eyes narrowing and glancing around the room.

"Phil, have you stolen *another* child?" The big dragon asked monotonely.

Phil spluttered indignantly, "no, I have not. And I did not steal Wilbur, he was free."

Wilbur snorted, "you picked me off the side of the road. I was homeless, not free."

"That's the same thing!"

"No it isn't."

"Kinda cringe you were homeless, Wil."

"I was *six*. "

"Exactly!" Phil said, "who would let a six year old stay on the streets? I didn't steal you, I rescued you."

"I remember you kidnapping me, after you lured me into your home with candy." Wilbur sniffed, "and I still remember how disappointed you were when you found out I wasn't blonde under my hat."

"It's a fae thing, mate. Blonde hair and blue eyes, it a biological reaction that-"

“Don’t listen to him, Wil.” Dragon man said, “he’s just going to simp over it for the next few hours.” Phil spluttered, “anyways, why do I smell a kid here?”

“A kid?” Wilbur said, puzzled, “honestly, Techno. I have no idea what you’re talking about. And what does a kid smell like?” They were ignoring Phil who was mumbling under his breath about blondes.

“Like... I don’t know, a baby? A powder smell. Light and slightly neutral.” Techno rumbled.

Wilbur snapped his fingers, “oh I can explain that. You should come see my new project, it’s upstairs. I’ve been using a ground up unicorn horn, maybe that’s what you’re catching.”

“That makes sense.” Techno said, and Wilbur dragged him away.

Phil followed them, still trying to protest. “Trust me, mates. If there was a kid here I would know.”

“You’re just baby hungry, Phil.” Techno replied before they moved too far away for Tommy to hear them.

Tommy scurried back to his nest by the fire and vowed to never, ever, ever, leave it again. Not when there was a scary big dragon out there. He would be so mad that Tommy was here, on his land. He would rip Tommy to pieces.

Thankfully, this Techno dragon guy only stayed for a few hours before leaving. Tommy had been in perpetual fear the entire time, cowering in his nest until he heard the door slam shut. It took days before the scent of the older dragon disappeared, and Tommy couldn’t shake the feeling of impending doom until the smell was gone.

“Hey Phil?” Wilbur is leaning over, scowling at the closet. “Have you seen my shoe?”

“What was that, mate?” Phil called from another room.

“Have you seen my shoe?”

“Which one?”

“My black boots!”

“Aren’t they in the closet?” Phil popped his head into the room.

Wilbur groaned, “I looked! But I can only find one. Have you seen the other?”

Phil walked over and looked into the messy closet, things cluttering all over the floor. It was a disaster. “I don’t know, Wil. Maybe clean the closet a bit. You might have missed it.”

“I looked everywhere in the closet,” Wilbur waved a hand at the mess that would look like it came from an ‘eye-spy’ book. “I checked it all.”

Phil gave him a shrug, “I don’t know where else it would be. Shoes tend to stick together. Maybe it’s just under one of the…” He paused as he looked at the closet, “snowboards?”

“It isn’t under the snowboards.” Wilbur whined, and Phil only shook his head.

“You should keep your stuff organized.”

“It is! You just don’t see how brilliant it is. I know exactly where things are! My boot is missing, Phil. I can’t find it, and they’re my favorite.” Wilbur threw the other boot into the closet, and it landed in an open basket of random cutlery. “They don’t match my outfit.”

“I don’t know what else to tell you, mate.” Phil walked away into the room, “you should clean your stuff up more. You’d probably stop losing your stuff so often.”

Phil was dead asleep when the noise woke him up. *Scitter scitter scitter*. The sound of something small scratching the wood rapidly. He raised his head from his pillow, staring out into the darkness. His eyes glowing slightly in the shadows, easily able to see through the dim light.

“Hello?” He sleepily called out. “Wilbur is that you?”

The small noise ceased.

Phil sat up in bed, his nightcap firmly stuck on his head. Wilbur made endless fun of Phil’s old fashioned nightgown and the long hat that he wore religiously to bed. Phil liked it, and the bunny slippers that Wilbur gave him to complete the outfit. “Wil?” Phil scanned his room, but found nothing out of place.

“Huh.” Phil pulled the blanket back over himself, “it must’ve been a mouse. We should renew the anti-pest wards.” He yawned deeply, and tried to go back to bed.

The key word was *try*.

The stupid mouse would come back after a few hours. Just as Phil was nodding back off to sleep, the scratching sound of it’s claws on the floorboards would wake him up.

By the time the morning came around again, Phil was ready to cast the magic without Wilbur’s help. Dark circles under his eyes, Phil stumbled into the kitchen. “We have a mouse problem.” He announced to Wilbur.

Wilbur sipped a mug of coffee, raising an eyebrow in surprise. “Really? I thought I replaced the wards a few months ago.”

“They kept waking me up last night.” Phil sat heavily onto the chair, “can you check it today?”

“Sure, no problem.” Wilbur said.

Wilbur walked into his workshop. One of the few rooms that Phil's cleaning anxiety didn't touch. The place was full of things, from floor to ceiling filled with shelves upon shelves. Random symbols were carved into walls and floor, all to balance the magic that flowed through the room. Humming to himself, he opened one of the many cabinets in the room and pulled out a bottle of crushed beetle eyes. It slipped from his fingers, and Wilbur's hum stopped as he cursed under his breath.

The bottle thankfully didn't shatter. It rolled around aimlessly, nearly disappearing underneath one of the drawers in the room. Wilbur sighed and stooped to pick it up when something caught his eye. A piece of metal.

Wilbur knew exactly where things were in his workshop. And he paused as he stared at it. Then he leaned down and picked it up. The ring of about a dozen keys clicked together in his hand, a fuzzy little sheep plush hanging from one of them.

"What in the—" And something else grabbed his attention. Wilbur dropped to his knees, leaning fully down to peer into the darkness. And to his utter befuddlement, he found... something.

It looked like a nest of some kind. An old ratty towel from the kitchen with a few pillow cases was piled up in a corner. All of them, Wilbur recognized as things that he had used over the years. The keyring was only the first of the pile. There were things that Wilbur hadn't even realized were *missing*. Forks, knives, Phil's pocket watch, one of Wilbur's hats that he had worn three days ago-

How the hell did it all end up here?

"Uh, Phil?" He called out, "could you come here for a second?"

By the time that Phil came up to the room, Wilbur had pulled out more objects. A pair of pants that he had been missing for a while, a belt, five socks all of them with different patterns, and a handkerchief. Wilbur looked up at Phil, completely baffled. "What? Who-?"

"I think we might have a pest problem." Phil said, "have you checked the wards yet?"

"I have." Wilbur said, "nothing was wrong. They're still potent. This can't be a rat or a mouse. They don't take things like this."

"Then it's something else." Phil said, "a creature perhaps? It might be a brownie nest. Or a type of subclass fae."

"Shouldn't you scare them off? You're a high fae."

Phil shrugged, "some of them are stubborn assholes. They might ignore me just because they can."

Wilbur sighed, "okay. We're going to have to stop this somehow. Lock up our valuables. I'll look into a spell to keep them out."

There were *locks* now.

Tommy slithered out of the hole in the wall in the kitchen, ready to pillage the pantry once more, when to his dismay there was a lock on the pantry. It didn't even wiggle when he nosed at it. The gap beneath the door was too thick for Tommy to squeeze his way through. He curled at the base of the door, looking up at the door knob with frustration.

All he had to do was flip the latch, and he could get in.

But it was just *too tall*.

His tail thrashed with annoyance.

There wasn't even a convenient step stool nearby. He put his front paws to stretch up to the lock, but it was just out of reach. He jumped a few times, hoping to hit it with a wing. But even that didn't work!

Tommy let out a little sad whine. He really wanted to eat another chicken roast that they had there. The first one was just *so good*. And Tommy had spied them putting another in there after dinner today.

His stomach grumbled.

After eating like a king for the past month, missing a meal sounded like agony. Even though Tommy knew he could go a long time without eating, his stomach was already protesting the thought of it.

He climbed onto one of the mismatched stools, his scales glinting in the dim light. The cushion was soft beneath him, and he was distracted as Tommy peered at it intently, his mind suddenly thinking how he could steal it into one of the many nests he created. But it seemed to be attached to the stool, and Tommy could come back to it later. Cocking his head to the side, Tommy tried to lean as far as he could to reach the lock. His long neck craning, wings flung out to keep his balance, Tommy could only just *barely* reach the latch.

And that was when Tommy realized that there was a new problem. His claws couldn't actually turn the latch. He could barely touch it with the tip of his nose, how on earth could he unlock it?

With a snort, Tommy pulled back to gaze at it with anger. How dare they lock his food away! He is the biggest man ever! Don't they know that this was *his* house now? Silly humans! Tommy stared at the lock, hoping that it would just melt with the fury of his gaze.

If only he had human hands!! Tommy was always so proud of his scales and claws, but it's moments like this that he wanted to have what he didn't. With a low growl, he tried to nudge the lock with his nose again but found it to be impossible to open it.

He let out a sad whine. He wanted to eat! Then the sad noise was replaced by an angry growl and he reached up once more. His little talons barely touched the metal. And *wished*.

There was a sudden pop. And Tommy let out a ‘hrmp?’ noise, almost falling off the stool as everything shifted around him. He sank his talons into the seat to keep him upright. Staring down in amazement, Tommy found weird pink hands in place of his front paws. His back paws were *feet*. Tommy craned his neck and found he couldn’t twist it as far as he could to one side, but from what he could glimpse of his back, his wings were *gone*.

No!!!

There was another pop. And Tommy actually fell off the stool this time. Landing onto the ground in a mess of scales, wings, and hissing noises. He shot to his paws, growling. Was this some kind of trick? Was the mage trying to prank him?? Tommy was unhappy! Nobody could take his wings from him!

But wait.

Tommy could open the door with his human fingers. Right?

Roasted chicken... *yum* . He needed to eat it. How did it happen before? He wanted to have hands and- pop! Tommy was sitting on the floor with his talons gone again! He had hands! Wonderful human hands! That could open locks! A giggle escaped him, high pitched and weirdly human. But Tommy didn’t mind- he could eat now!

He stumbled to his back paws. Oh, how weird it was to only walk with his hind legs. And he clambered up the stool again. It took longer because he had to figure out where to put his feet and hands, but he was already becoming a master of being human. Even though he almost fell over again. Still, Tommy was too amazing to stop here. He flicked the latch open, much to his glee, and shifted back into his dragon form to dive into the forbidden pantry with a happy shriek.

Wilbur and Phil looked at the open door of the pantry, silently assessing the damage. Flour was all over the floor, eggs had been thrown and splattered across the walls. A shelf was torn down, all of the jars shattered and their contents mixed and destroyed on the ground. A bag of sugar was gutted, spilling its contents over everything. A roast chicken, picked clean and sitting innocently on top of the mess, was in the middle of the room.

“So I don’t think they liked the lock.” Wilbur said, almost impressed. Almost being a key word because he was still trying to take in the amount of work that it would take to clean it all up.

“Yep.” Phil said, “I think we might have pissed them off.”

“Shit.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

There is now 7 chapters for this fic

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They were doing weird things now. Tommy had thought they were crazy enough for living in such a strange tower. He gently placed a paw over a ring of salt and hopped over it. Some of the doors, the ones leading to the human's bedrooms, had magic woven over the frames. It tickled his scales slightly when he passed through one. It was strange. The pantry door was locked just like before, but Tommy used his magnificent amazing power as a human to open it easily.

Actually, he was getting really good at being a human. There were lots of locks now on things. And he figured out that the keys he swiped could open them. It was a game to get the keys every night.

Somehow they would fly out of his hoard with a flash of magic, and every night Tommy would find them and keep them again. He loved the fluffy little sheep on it. It was smaller than him! And he could hug the sheep while he slept with all four paws. Jokes on the humans, Tommy knew exactly where to find his hoard. It was his super amazing power as a dragon!

It was hard to find the right key for the locks, but it worked every time! Haha. Silly humans thought they could keep him out! And there were ropes stretched across the doorway in Wilbur's closet. It was low to the ground, and Tommy just ducked underneath it. It was strange, and Tommy was pretty certain that Wilbur had tripped over it once. The thud woke him up from his nap.

The only thing that Tommy appreciated about their new decorations was the bowls of cream they would leave out. He thought it was really tasty! Although he was really sleepy after he drank it. He curled up into his kitchen nest and dozed off.

"-such a pain to get." Wilbur's voice cut into the air, just as a door slammed shut. Jolting Tommy awake from his doze. His little ears perked up, and he lazed across his nest. "I don't want to deal with the pixies. They always try to drive a hard bargain, and then get offended if I *don't* haggle back. And if I do, then they will get upset if I try to lower the price too much. I can never win with them."

"I don't know what to tell you, mate." Phil's voice replied. Tommy didn't hear him enter the room, but Phil was very quiet compared to the stomps that Wilbur made. "If you want to get some water mana stones, then you'll need to barter."

“Phil,” Wilbur whined, “why can’t you do it? You’re high fae, they’ll listen to you.”

“Mate,” Phil sounded tired, “pixies and fae are not the same thing. They’re more likely to scam me than you, plus you built up a reputation with them.”

“I fixed their hive *once*, and now they won’t stop bothering me.” Wilbur moaned. “It’s a curse more than a blessing.”

“Well, mate. I don’t know any other creature that would willingly go to the bottom of the river to find you those stones. Pixies have lung capacity and they aren’t too picky about getting water in their wings.”

Wilbur let out a whine, but Tommy lifted his head in interest. What was it that they wanted again? Water magic stone thingies? Tommy had seen a few glowing rocks at the very bottom of the river, where it was so deep that it was pitch black and Tommy could barely see. He thought they were cool.

Tommy could get those!! His little tail wagged with excitement. It could be repayment, for Tommy living here. He did feel a bit bad for ruining some of Wilbur’s books, and he didn’t mean to get ink all over them. His tail accidentally knocked a jar off Wilbur’s desk and it was an accident. This was the perfect opportunity for Tommy to repay them!!

He didn’t listen to the rest of the conversation, instead slipping out of his nest and squirming his way through the floorboards and supports until he found his way outside. To Tommy’s surprise, it wasn’t very cold outside. There were patches of snow on the ground, but the air was warm and the sun was shining.

How long had he been inside for? When did the seasons begin to change? Tommy didn’t think about it much, he was happy that he didn’t have to go through the snow. He bounded over the grass and rocks, heading into the woods for the river. He had spent a lot of time diving in it before, and he knew exactly where to go! Oh, they’ll be so happy to get his gift. Tommy was a considerate house guest.

The water was cold, much to Tommy’s dissatisfaction. But he sank deeper into the depths, only getting distracted by a fish twice. Which was a new record! This time Tommy had a mission. Otherwise he would play with the fish more. A few bubbles escaped his nose, tickling his face, and Tommy scratched his snout with a little paw as he slowly approached the dark spots of the river.

Now... where were the stones?

Tommy pulled up a big rock, peering underneath it with narrowed eyes. No, not under here. What about this rock? Was it under this one? Tommy pulled up a few more before he found a blue glowing rock. It was small and made his scales shiver. It was magic alright. And so pretty! Tommy wrapped his paws around it and began the long task of going up to the surface.

He tucked it under a patch of grass, and then paused. It would be better if he got more than one, right? Tommy splashed back into the river, and wiggled like a snake until he was into

the depths again. One more wouldn't hurt.

Wilbur woke up the next morning, and the first thing he thought about was a drink of coffee. Thankfully, their coffee beans stash was one of the few things their 'guest' hadn't bothered with. Wilbur didn't know if he should praise Prime for the small blessing or not. He ignored everything around him until a hot cup was pressing into his palms. He took a few sips, waiting for it to kick in.

He turned, something bright catching his eye. And the mug in his hands fell, shattering loudly onto the ground. Spilling hot liquid in every direction. Wilbur cursed, jumping back from the disaster. But he quickly returned to gaping in shock. There, on the table, was a *stack* of water mana stones. Glowing with a gentle blue light.

Wilbur had never seen so many in his life before.

"Phil?" He yelled out, "Phil get down here!"

There was a thump of feet. And Phil was stumbling down the stairs, his nightcap still stuck on his head. "What?" He glanced around wildly, "what's wrong Wilbur?"

Wilbur silently pointed at the pile of mana stones, gaping.

"Prime." Phil said, after a second. "Are all of those real?" He walked over and picked one up. Then he picked another one up, and another, feeling the power pouring off of them. "How in the seven hells are these here? They're all real, Wil."

Wilbur was suddenly next to him, picking up the stones and looking them over. "Holy shit." He whispers, "holy *shit*. These things are impossible to find. It takes hours to get one from the river."

"What did you trade for this?" Phil suddenly looked up, a worried look on his face. "Wilbur, I swear if you gave them something of yours-"

"Nothing! I haven't gone yet!" Wilbur protested, holding his hands up. "I didn't do anything."

"Then who..." Phil trailed off, staring at the bowl of cream they had been putting out every night. And without fail, it would be gone the next morning. Bits of the cream would still be on the floor and table, messily consumed. "Do you think it was...?"

"I don't know who else. Techno is at his hoard in the mountains. And unless you said something to him," Wilbur said, "I don't know of anybody else who could have heard us talking about it."

"So they... gave us water mana stones? For free?" Phil looked baffled. "Why?"

"I don't know. And... I don't trust it. Not fully. I think maybe we should meet them." Wilbur said, his face contemplative, tapping his chin. "What do you think?"

“I think it’s high time we talk to our roommate.” Phil agreed. “I have an idea. You know how they’re always stealing my keys?”

Tommy liked to say that he ‘laughed in the face of danger’ just like Sapnap said it when he ate George’s special cookies and shared them with Tommy. He was sneaky! He was daring! Every night, when the men went to bed, Tommy slunk out of a crack in the wall. There was a new crack, ironically, in the pantry wall. So going through the door wasn’t an issue anymore, not when Tommy had full access to the inner workings of the house.

But that wasn’t part of the game. The big one, Phil, said that the keys belonged to *him*. Tommy had an issue with this because the keys, especially the little stuffed sheep on it, was *Tommy’s*. It was his hoard. He took it. And now it is his.

So Tommy had to go find it. The keys zoomed off in the morning when the mage, Wilbur, summoned them from his nest. Tommy had tried to prevent it from happening. Firmly sitting on it several times, but they always slid out from under his tail and into Wilbur’s hands.

They put the keys in strange places. Trying to hide them to stop Tommy from taking them back. Well, Tommy would put them into weirder places, just to spite them. The last time Tommy had used his human arms to shove it as deep as it could go in a jar of flour, and the next morning the keys and the jar itself came zooming into Wilbur’s hands. He didn’t catch it in time, and the jar shattered on the ground. Sending the flour, which tasted *horrible*, Tommy would know he tried it, into the air like a white puffy cloud.

Tommy almost purred in satisfaction from the stunned look the men wore. Both of them were covered in a thin layer of the white stuff.

It was a *game*. And so far, Tommy was winning. His tail flicked back and forth, and his senses told him that the keys were hidden in a big drawer. They were a part of his hoard, and he always knew where they were. He shuffled the papers and junk around before the fluffy sheep was revealed and Tommy picked the keys up with a happy little snort. He knew which key was which by now, and the pantry one was a little brass key that had a few scratches from Tommy’s talons. With practiced ease, he unlocked the door, and waltzed into his pantry.

His little talons scratched at the floor, and he eyed the content of the shelves. Hmmm. What to eat tonight? His little tummy grumbled, and Tommy spotted a lovely turkey leg. The plate had a preservation spell on it, and he pulled it off the shelf and let it clatter onto the ground.

He dug in, ripping it to shreds and scarfing it down like it would be the last meal he would ever eat. Yum! It was so good, and his mouth watered. Then he spotted something glittering in the corner of his eye. He looked up to find that they had gotten a new stash of golden apples! Tommy had eaten all of them last time and they never replaced them. The apples were in a fancy new jar, and Tommy spat the mouthful of half chewed turkey onto the ground as he leapt up on to the shelf to grab it.

His little talons scraped across the top of the latch. Magic hummed at his claws, but it didn’t open. The jar stayed firmly shut. He gnawed at the top of it, but his teeth only slipped against the smooth surface.

Well! Tommy had another solution to this! He used his tail and swiped it off the counter. Watching as it fell.

It didn't shatter. It bounced with a dull thud, and rolled until it hit a basket of potatoes.

Shit!

Tommy jumped down, and sniffed at the jar once more. They locked it with their yucky magic. How rude! Don't they know how much Tommy loved golden apples? It's like they didn't want him to have them. Well, too bad. He will be getting them no matter what. Tommy had another secret weapon!

Pop!

Tommy used his human hands to fumble with the latch. It didn't want to open, even when he used his fingers to pry open the metal that held it closed. Tommy frowned at it, and grabbed it with both hands and slammed it onto the ground. Bang! Bang bang bang! The glass still didn't break! The gapples rolled around inside, taunting him. His mouth watered at the sight of them. They were so close, and yet, just out of reach.

Tommy let out a sad little noise, and then something caught his attention. There, on the glass jar itself, was a reflection.

A dark shape in the doorway.

Tommy snapped his head to the side, and there, staring at him with his mouth hanging open and his eyes nearly black, was Phil.

"*A child,*" his voice was melodic and reverent. Tommy had never seen Phil look so weird before. His face was... nice. For a human. But now it was sharper, his teeth pointier, and his hair glittered. It was his eyes though, normally blue and gentle, were dark and black. His pupils were big. It shot fear straight through his heart.

Something itched at the back of Tommy's mind. *Predator.*

"Hello, my little sweet thing. Did you get lost?" Phil crooned, pulling his lips back to reveal sparkling teeth. They were a bit too sharp to be normal. Tommy was frozen, staring at him with wide blue eyes. "Don't worry, lil guy. I'll take *good* care of you."

And then his flight reflex kicked in when Phil took a step closer to him.

Tommy himself didn't know what he was doing. He bared his teeth threateningly, hissing loudly and threw the jar at the man. All he knew was that he needed to *get away*.

He grabbed one of the shelves and tipped it over. It crashed to the ground, and in the confusion he dove. It only took a thought before Tommy was back into his dragon form, slipping into the small crack in the pantry.

His talons scrabbled to hold onto the wood supports as he ran. Weaving up and down the walls until he was back at his main nest under the floorboards next to the fireplace. His little

heart was pounding fiercely. Behind him there was a loud crash. And he buried himself under the soft things in his nest.

Tommy had to hide.

He curled up into a tight ball as he heard shouting and yelling. Digging under a pile of coats and Wilbur's sweaters until it was all muffled. A trail of smoke came out of his nostrils, a clear sign of his anxiety.

The floorboards above him thumped as heavy feet ran around. A trail of dust and dirt fell onto the blankets. Tommy curled up tighter, and suddenly things weren't as amazing as they were a few hours ago. Phil saw him and got all mean-looking and scary. He didn't realize that they would be so terrifying when they saw him. Maybe Tommy needed to leave.

He didn't want to go.

Chapter End Notes

Phil: man I want a child but I cant find one

Tommy: appears

Phil: i will sell my *soul* to have this kid in my arms RIGHT NOW

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What do you mean, there is a child living in the walls?” Wilbur said, throwing his hands into the air.

“I said what I said!” Phil raised his voice, a hint of bells and whistles in his voice. “There is a child! Living in the walls!” He was prying one of the wall panels off, snapping in half from his effort. “Come here, darling. I won’t hurt you. Come to Phil, baby.” His voice was pleasing and hypnotic as he crooned into the dark space, and Wilbur took an unconscious step towards him against his will. Then he shook off the order.

“Children don’t live in walls, Phil.” Wilbur crossed his arms. “Please stop destroying my pantry. Do you know how hard it was to make this place?”

“I do. I was there to help you build it.” Phil said, as he pried another panel off the wall. Revealing the stone behind it, and the dusty space between the outside wall and the inner wood paneling. “And I will help you rebuild it. After I have them in my arms.”

“Phil-”

Phil turned his head, staring Wilbur down. His eyes were thin slits, and his more fae features were prominent. “Wilbur.” He said, and then softly rose to his feet. “Wilbur,” he cooed, “my sweet, sweet son. If you don’t help me find this kid, I will tear your whole tower apart. Stone by stone until I have him in my arms.”

Phil gripped Wilbur’s shoulders, pulling him closer. “You should have seen him!” Phil sighed, “a little boy. Maybe three or four years old. With beautiful golden hair and blue eyes- oh he’s *amazing*. I need him.”

“Phil, you’re higher than the moon.” Wilbur said bluntly, “do you really think that this kid will come to you when you rip the tower to pieces? You are lost in the sauce. Completely out of it. This kid just threw you head first into your instincts.”

“I am not *high*. That is a mortal saying, and I resent that.” Phil sniffed petulantly.

Wilbur rolled his eyes, “the kid got you all riled up. Haven’t you been moaning about how you wanted a new kid the last few centuries? You’re an empty nester.”

“I am *not*. ”

“You live with me because you’re lonely.” Wilbur said and Phil spluttered, “and you don’t want to live in Techno’s cave because we’re a part of his hoard, and he tends to pamper you too much.”

“There is only so much gold I wear, Wilbur. And you know how much it weighs.” Phil argues back, “Techno doesn’t care if it’s too heavy for us to move. He likes it that way.”

“Yes,” Wilbur said, “so that’s why you need to think calmly for once. Tell me, how did the kid leave?”

“I didn’t see how he did it, he distracted me.” Phil replied, “but I saw a flash of gold disappearing into the crack here.” The crack in question was a ripped hole in the wall due to Phil’s desperation to get his hands on him.

“So he isn’t human. Perhaps a shapeshifter.” Wilbur said. “It will be harder to find him. So we need to do the opposite.”

“He needs to come to us.” Phil agreed, and then twitched sharply. “But I want him *now*,” he whined.

“Yeah, yeah. I know, old man. We’ll figure this out. For now, though. Stop trying to tear my house apart.”

“But- but-” Phil protested, his blue eyes shimmering hypnotically. But Wilbur knew all of his tricks.

“Right now, the kid is scared. He needs to calm down. And besides, you need your rest, old man.” Wilbur poked Phil’s nose, “so go to bed. Calm down in your nest. You’ve had a long night waiting for them to come out, and you should rest.”

“Fine!” Phil hissed, and it was like a switch flipped. His gentle protests failed, and he gave Wilbur a cold glare. “But I swear I will tear your house down if I don’t have him in my arms by the end of the week, Wil.”

“Then I’ll just surround your room with salt. Ever think of that, old man?” Wilbur replied back. “Now go, I’ll stay up. And if I don’t hear you snoring in the next hour then I will hunt you down, and I will make you replace every bit of wall you tear up with the most expensive shit I can find.”

Phil cursed at him before walking away.

Wilbur waited a few seconds, then sighed. “Yeah, he’s not going to bed. Phil! Phil, don’t you fucking destroy my tower!” He ran after Phil.

“But there is a child-!”

“No!”

Okay, Wilbur thought Phil might have been seeing things. There were creatures out there that made people see the thing that they most desired. It wouldn’t be impossible. But it was less likely than an actual child living in the walls. He spent the night looking through his books,

trying to narrow down what kind of creature could do this. There were a few, but none that could actually trick a high fae.

They were dealing with something else then. Something that had been living in their home for the past few *months* and hadn't killed them or tried to take a bite out of them yet.

Which fucking sucked because Phil was going off his rocker. Wilbur had to send him out of the tower several times in the last few days. He caught Phil crooning at a wall in an empty room. Phil was talking to himself, and Wilbur was tempted to call Techno over to help. If Phil was so firmly stuck on the idea of getting a new kid, they might have to go out and kidnap one. Wilbur was fairly certain Phil was making a new nest in his bedroom, making room for a new child.

This *thing* that lived in Wilbur's house was messing with his dad. And he didn't have an idea what it was yet.

Techno would just burn the tower to the ground. He did that to Wilbur's *last* house when he saw a spider disappear into a crack in the wall.

Wilbur snapped the book closed, rubbing his temples. He needed something to pick his energy up. Coffee would just make him more agitated. Instead, he reached and pulled the jar of gapples from the pantry with a wave of his hand. They floated over to him. The pantry was, once again, a mess. This time Phil had joined in the fun and wrecked the walls. So Wilbur was going to leave him to deal with it.

With a hollow pop, the magical latch released. And Wilbur reached in and snatched one of the apples before closing it again. This was the *one* food that Wilbur refused to let it sit out in the open. They were highly addictive and their magical properties were numerous. So that meant they were fucking expensive to make. And they also seemed to be the first thing to go missing.

Techno had a whole room dedicated to them. And he never let Wilbur eat one unless it was life or death.

"Hoard, schmoard." Wilbur grumpily mumbled, and then bit into the apple. Being one of Techno's hoard *meant* having special privileges. Not a firm smack to Wilbur's hand when he tried to borrow a golden cup for a ritual. Techno was so picky with what Wilbur could touch. He chewed on the heavenly fruit in his mouth, turning a page in the book.

And then something caught his attention. It was the sensation of eyes boring into him. A small hitch of breath. And Wilbur glanced up, over the top of the golden rimmed glasses he wore, and met the gaze of a little boy peeking over the kitchen table.

He did have blue eyes. And his hair was not only blonde, but almost a solid gold color. With two little pointy ears poking through the strands. All Wilbur could see was the top of his face, the rest of him hiding behind the table. Two little hands were holding onto the table corner as he leaned his whole weight on it.

The bit of golden apple nearly fell out of Wilbur's mouth, as he gaped at the little boy.

It was dead silent.

What the hell?

The kid's blue eyes flicked over to the gapple in Wilbur's hand. Wilbur finally closed his mouth and swallowed, "hello? Uh, do you... want some?"

The kid raised his head up, resting his chin onto the table and giving Wilbur a full look of his face. God, he was *fucking cute*.

Wilbur had been raised by two creatures who regularly snatched people off the street. He might have been a victim to their instincts once, but he had spent centuries with them. So after a while he picked up some bad habits from them. He got Phil's weird attachment to birds. Wilbur had Techno's pickiness for gems. Only using the best materials out there for his rituals. Staring down at the little blonde boy, Wilbur was suddenly hit with an urge to keep him in his arms.

Prime help him, he might have picked up on this trait too.

Technoblade wouldn't mind a new brother, right?

"Here." Wilbur used his magic to cut the gapple into smaller bite sized pieces. He was staring without breaking eye contact. But so was the kid. Yeah, the boy wasn't human. Wilbur could pick out how his pupils were cat-like, and he moved strangely as if he was unused to being a human form. Wilbur held out a small slice of the apple. Rather than walking around the table to take it, the kid clambered onto it from one of the stools.

Oh *Prime*.

He was wearing one of Wilbur's sweaters. It was his favorite red one, and it was like a dress on him. The sleeves were bunched up around the kid's elbows, and the bottom hem was near his knees. A small hand with pointed fingernails clumsily grabbed at the slice Wilbur held, and the boy shoved it all into his mouth as he scuttled away. Chewing it rapidly and swallowing it quickly. And then that demanding stare returned. Blue eyes asking for more.

"Oh. I see." Wilbur smiled, "are you hungry? I don't mind sharing my meal with you." He held out another slice. His head was buzzing. And it took a lot of effort not to coo like Phil would. The boy scooted a bit closer and plucked another piece of the apple out of Wilbur's hand. His small fingers brushing against Wilbur's.

By the end, Wilbur coaxed the kid to sit on the table next to him. He did have to get a second gapple from the jar, but it was worth it. The kid was smiling at him shyly and Wilbur was thrilled the kid was so trusting. He could see the kid had a dusting of freckles on his cheeks, and he was enchanted by them.

If all it took was a few gapples for him to smile at Wilbur, then Wilbur was personally going to steal Techno's entire stash. Just to keep the kid happy.

And then the front door opened. The kid stiffened, turning his head to stare at the doorway with wide eyes. He jumped off the table with surprisingly light feet. Dashing off, leaving Wilbur to stare at the hallway he disappeared into. The gentle patter of feet disappeared, and his head was still reeling from the sudden rush he was experiencing.

Phil walked in, taking his cloak off. He was looking more harrowed than normal, deep shadows under his eyes. “Hey mate, how’s your reading going? Did you find anything?”

Wilbur hadn’t actually *thought* that there was a kid living in their walls. The idea of it was absurd. But after actually seeing the kid with his own two eyes- it changed things dramatically. There was no way in the seven hells that Wilbur was going to let the kid leave them.

“Holy shit, Phil.” Wilbur said faintly, still looking at the hallway, “I’m going to keep the kid.”

Prime, they could never tell Technoblade about this. He would never stop making fun of them.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are.” The voice was musical and reverberated through the walls. Tommy stiffened, his claws digging into a support beam. Tommy had been just trying to get to his nest, a plump scarf in his mouth, when the voice called out. “Come here, little one. I know you’re around here, somewhere. I promise, I won’t hurt you. Here, I can bring you a bowl of cream. I know you like it.” The voice crooned.

Tommy did like the cream, but not enough to be stupid enough to leave the safety of the walls. He gently let go of the scarf to lean towards one of the cracks that leaked a fragment of light into the dark space.

Phil was sitting in a nest. Not one that Tommy made, but it was piled high of plush cushions and blankets. Trinkets hung from the ceiling, tiny bits of metals in the shapes of stars and planets. Tommy never touched it. He was a good dragon, and stealing from others' nests was rude.

Phil was stretched out on the nest, long hair spilling over his shoulder as his glowing blue eyes stared into the dark. His blonde hair exposed his pointy ears as he cocked his head to the side, and Tommy was suddenly hit with the desire to steal his glittering emerald earrings. Maybe one day...

“Come now, little one. Don’t you want some food? Come here and I’ll give some to you.” The words were echo-y and a tingle of magic ran down Tommy’s spine. A part of his hind brain urged Tommy to go out and get food from him, but the other half of him bristled at the use of magic on him.

Dragons are very good at being resistant to magic.

Tommy let out a squeak of anger. And almost instantly those glowing blue eyes locked onto the crack that Tommy was peering out of. “Sorry, darling.” He purred as he got to his feet, “I don’t know what you are. You were too fast for me to see. But look! I put together a nice little nest for you. So you can rest here with me.”

Tommy could barely make out that there was a part of the nest that was different from the rest. Filled with some of the things that had been taken from Tommy’s older nests that the two of them had found. His little ears perked up when he saw the keys laying in the middle. That was his! And this fucker stole them from him, again! How rude. He let out another squeak. Shouldn’t Phil know by now that those were his-

Tommy hadn’t noticed how close Phil got to the crack, not until a looming shadow covered it. It startled when pointy fingers curled into the crack, and Phil crooned, “why don’t I just make this bigger for you-”

Tommy bit him. His little fangs sinking into the flesh. They didn’t do much damage, not like a big dragon could. But it was enough. Phil sucked in a breath in shock and jerked his hand back. And Tommy bolted, his little talons clicked on the wood as he scurried away, leaving the scarf behind. Pulling himself up the supports and worming himself into the next room.

Behind he heard a frantic, “come here, little one! Please, don’t you want to be with me? I said *come here.*” There was a snarl, and wood splintered. “*Please, please come here.*”

Tommy was, in fact, not going to do that.

Thankfully Tommy was three rooms over when he heard a terrifying screech that echoed. He covered his ears with his paws. Even wrapping his tail around his head to lessen how loud it was. Phil was creepy! Tommy didn’t like it.

Maybe Phil was after his wings.

Tommy’s eyes went wide!! No! Phil couldn’t take his wings away. They were Tommy’s! From this moment on, Tommy was going to avoid Phil. No matter what! Phil got really weird after seeing Tommy, and it was beginning to annoy him a bit. He kept ripping up the walls! Silly human, doesn’t he know that Tommy needed to use the walls to get to places?

Now, Wilbur on the other hand...

He was really nice. Tommy didn’t mind him. Wilbur gave him golden apples to eat. And he didn’t stare at Tommy and make weird creepy faces. He just pinched Tommy’s cheeks and told him how adorable he was.

Tommy wasn’t adorable! He was a big scary dragon!!

But Wilbur gave him golden apples to eat... If that was the price to pay then Tommy would take it. Free food! And Wilbur would play with him. He gave Tommy weird things to hold and shake and Tommy loved it. Even though Wilbur was the mage, Tommy never felt threatened by him. The weird niggling sensation in the back of Tommy’s brain told him that Phil was a predator. And it made Tommy pull his tail between his legs and scurry away.

Tommy crawled through the tiny crevices and cracks in the walls, making his way to his favorite spot in the entire tower. His little nest. Well. Calling it 'little' was maybe a stretch now.

Underneath the floorboards was a giant mess of clothes and blankets. Literally anything Tommy could gather that was soft and warm. It spanned from one side of the room to the other. Soft toys that Tommy had found in a box in the attic decorated the space. Towels, mittens, hats, socks, everything that Tommy deemed was perfect for his nest was here. The space underneath the wood was a bit small now, due to how much Tommy had gathered.

Tommy wormed his way to the middle of his nest. Purring happily to find that the fire had been stoked recently. It warmed the sweaters and capes that Tommy had found, and he buried himself in their warmth. His scales were so cold sometimes, and it was heaven to warm them up.

Tommy couldn't leave here. He had thought he had to. After Phil found him. But Tommy owned this amazing nest. It was his! And he made it. All by himself. Plus Wilbur didn't seem to have a problem with Tommy living here. All Tommy had to do was avoid Phil for the rest of time. Easy peasy.

There was another shriek, but this time it wasn't Phil who made it. *"Philza Minecraft! Stop destroying my tower."*

Yeah, this was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

Phil: tearing up the tower

Tommy: this is fine.

Wilbur, pulling out a spray bottle: this is NOT fine.

No, Phil is not going to eat Tommy. I know I said he was baby hungry, but I didnt mean it literally, lol.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

A special thank you to Tiny for the idea that dragons transport their kids via mouth and I cannot get that out of my head.

Also. I keep writing more of this. We're up to potentially 10 chapters of this. I say this as I'm already neck deep into chapter 9 already.

Hhhnnnnkkk this is unbetad.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I think you should go visit Techno.” Wilbur said one day, to Phil. “It’s probably been a while and he might come down on us for not visiting.”

Phil gave Wilbur a tense but friendly smile, “how about *you* go visit Techno? You’re a part of his hoard just as I am. You’re a nestling in his eyes still. He’d be happier if you went to see him, mate.”

Wilbur let out a long pained sigh, “as much as I love Technoblade, I have *so* much stuff I have to do. I’m sure you’ll understand, right?”

“Yes, but you remember the last time Techno had to come down here because it took us too long to visit him?” Phil reminded him, “we got caught up with that one job that-”

“He locked us up in his hoard for two years, yes I can recall that.” Wilbur sighed, “he only let us out early because we were on good behavior. Could you go? I’m so busy, and then Techno will get all stressed and then we will have to deal with him hovering over both of us.”

Phil let out a sigh, “fine. But I want you to look into that tracking spell. And! I want updates. Every night while I am gone. Got it? You tell me if you see the kid again. I am only doing this because I trust you. Otherwise I will come back and I will fucking ground you into the next century, understood?”

“I understand! Sheesh.” Wilbur turned and grabbed Phil by the shoulders and gently led him to the door, “now get out of here before Techno tries to stick me in his mouth again.”

“It happened *once*.” Phil spluttered, “and you know that’s how dragons transport their young-”

“You *cried* Phil when you thought he ate me.” Wilbur rolled his eyes, “now can you please go visit him so he doesn’t kidnap us again? Please?”

“Fine.” Phil reached into the bowl and then sighed, “could you get my keys again?”

Wilbur was used to this now. He raised his hand and muttered the summoning spell. There was a distant sound of a metal hitting metal, and there was a crash in the distance. Phil winced, and Wilbur looked bored. He tapped his foot on the ground and clicked his tongue as the keys flew into the room and landed neatly into his palm. “Here you go! Have fun! Safe travels!” And he pushed Phil out of the door while his father stuttered his objections, and closed the door firmly in his face.

He waited three seconds before turning around with an excited smile on his face. “Oh kiddo! Sweetheart! You can come out now! The big bad Phil is gone.” He sang out in the empty house, practically skipping with joy.

Turns out the only thing that actually lured the kid out was bringing the jar of gapples out and cutting one up. Soon enough Wilbur heard the pitter patter of feet, and two big blue eyes were gazing up at him longingly.

Wilbur leaned over, holding a gapple slice away, “can you say ‘please?’”

The kid stared at him, offended. One tiny little hand extended up towards the gapple, but Wilbur held it higher. “Say ‘please’ and I’ll give it to you.”

The boy opened his mouth and let out a huff, and then stomped his foot as he glared up at Wilbur. God, he was so cute like this. Wilbur could scoop him up into his arms and just never let go! The boy let out a frustrated whine.

“Here, I’ll help you. Repeat after me, ‘puh’”

The boy blinked, and then, in the most adorable little voice said, “puh!”

“That was very good! Now, ‘leese’”

“Les!”

“Lee-se.”

“Lee-sa.”

“Good enough, now put it together. ‘Puh-leese.’”

The boy wrinkled his nose, but mimicked the word, “puh-lease!”

Wilbur broke into a brilliant smile, “that’s wonderful! Here you go!” And he handed the boy the slice of gapple. Immediately the kid shoved the whole thing into his mouth and Wilbur could already hear Phil yelling at him about cutting it smaller so he wouldn’t choke on it. But the kid chewed and swallowed it within seconds. He didn’t look like he was having a hard time breathing. So Wilbur called it good in his books.

“Fuh!” The boy pointed at Wilbur, “ker!”

Wilbur’s jaw dropped. “What?”

“Fuhker!” The boy beamed at him, and then faster than Wilbur could have thought possible, reached up and snatched the rest of the uncut gapple from the table. He bolted. His little feet tapping away at the floor quickly.

“Hey!” Wilbur jumped to his feet and bolted after the kid, who was surprisingly quick. “Get back here!”

The kid squealed with delight as he caught Wilbur chasing after him, and even though he was a lil punk, Wilbur couldn’t help but smile back. “Oh I am going to get you!” He sang out.

Tommy tilted his head back and screeched, “*no!*”

“Figures the next word you picked up is ‘no.’” Wilbur grumbled to himself, as he held a wiggly little gremlin.

“Come on sweetheart,” Wilbur tried to say soothingly over the sound of the wailing kid, but it was completely drowned out. Prime, it was like the kid was acting like Wilbur was trying to *kill* him or something.

It had been a mistake. Wilbur recalled his youth, and he figured that he could just bring out some of the old toys and obsessions he had when he was younger and the kid would be fascinated by them. And to Wilbur’s satisfaction, the kid had *loved* sand. Wilbur still had a large jar from the last time he went to the beach. He remembered fondly shoving it into his mouth while Phil chased him up and down the shore line to get him to spit it out.

Except this kid decided to take a bath in it. Wilbur had dumped the sand out onto the floor and showed him how to build a sand castle. And it had been one of the happiest Wilbur had been watching the kid fumble his way through a little sandcastle with a spare cup they had. Hell, his face still hurt from grinning like a mad man.

Wilbur had built a moat, and he filled it with a little bit of water. And he got to see the kid smoosh the sand down, and destroy it all with a happy little laugh. They did it, again and again. Build up a little castle, and then wipe it off the face of the planet.

To be honest, Wilbur hadn’t actually ever been around kids before. But he could see the appeal of it. The reason why Phil was fucking insane of children. They were small, adorable, little tiny, humans who were struggling to learn basic motor controls and it was hilarious to watch. Not to mention, the high Wilbur got when he was able to teach the kid something new. It was incredible, to shape a new person. And the kid had a fun personality. Wilbur thought the deadly scowl the kid would make when the sand fell over before it’s appointed destruction would be incredibly entertaining.

So sue him, for not realizing the kid needed a *nap*.

The whole kid schtick was Phil's thing. Wilbur was a mad man with magical powers. Not a babysitter.

Wilbur kind of figured it out as the kid slowly got more and more angry. What used to make him giggle an hour before was now making him snarl. The final straw was when the punk grabbed the glass they were using and threw it across the room with a pout.

It was nap time. But, Wilbur grimaced to himself as he held the fighting kid in his arms, the grit of the sand abrasive against his skin, he made a fatal error. The kid needed a bath before he got to sleep.

"Come on, it's just a little water." Wilbur sighed, holding the squirming kid in his arms. "I promise, it'll be fun! I'll conjure up some bubbles for you."

"NO!" The kid screeched as loudly as he could.

Ah. So this is what parenthood was like. Wilbur could say that he wasn't a fan of this. Still, he had a kid to take care of. And he wasn't going to let a little tantrum stop him. He went to Phil's bathroom. The tub was huge, able to fit Phil when he decided to let his wings out. And Wilbur was certain he wouldn't mind if he knew what Wilbur was going to use it for. The kid screeched a death cry. And Wilbur winced at how loud it was in the tiled room.

"Note to self," Wilbur muttered, "ear plugs."

With a wave of his hand, the tap began to run. And the bathtub began to fill with warm water. The kid quieted down for a second, staring at it with confusion. "It's a bath, kiddo." Wilbur said, "it's not going to hurt you."

The kid whipped his head around and gave Wilbur a death glare. His blue eyes narrowing and if he was an adult maybe Wilbur might be afraid for his life. Instead, it was terribly cute. If only it wasn't attached to a kid in a bad mood.

"Let's make a deal, okay?" Wilbur said as an idea came to him. "How about this? I will give you a bath. You don't scream and fight me the entire time, and I will give you *half* of a golden apple with your dinner tonight. How does that sound?"

The kid stared up at Wilbur with a pondering face. His little brow wrinkled, before he slowly nodded in acceptance. Thank Prime for the fact that the kid was old enough for Wilbur to bribe. If he was any younger than maybe Wilbur might just have to tough it out.

He would rather call Phil back home than deal with a screaming toddler for more than another ten minutes. He loved the kid. He'll keep him in a heartbeat. But Wilbur was not built for tears and endless snot.

The tub was partially full, probably more than enough for the kid, and Wilbur waved a hand and a large amount of bubbles popped into existence. Minor conjuration. But from the awed look on the kid's face, it was like he had witnessed Wilbur create the elixir to life.

Heh, he did that four centuries ago.

“Buba?” The kid said, reaching a hand out.

“Yeah! Bubbles!” Wilbur agreed, and set the kid down. “Okay, let's give you a bath lil guy.”

Surprisingly the hardest part was to get the sweater off of the kid. It wasn't the water or the bubbles or the lack of bathroom toys- Phil would definitely be stocking up on those once he got his hands on the kiddo- but it was the fraying sweater that proved to be the hardest thing to overcome.

The kid wanted to keep it on. Wilbur could understand, he made sure his sweaters were very soft and warm. But it was covered in sand, and the kid needed to wear clean clothes after his bath. In the end, Wilbur agreed to a whole gapple after dinner. He could already feel his wallet getting lighter from the amount of gapples this kid ate. But hey! It worked! The kid was in the bath.

The boy leaned up against Wilbur's arm as he gently scrubbed at his hair. Once it was wet it began to curl and frizz up, reminding Wilbur of his own. Wilbur hummed a soft song under his breath as he gently rinsed out the soft curls. Pouring a cup of clean water he conjured over the kids head until all of the soap was gone.

Wilbur paused only slightly when he found the kid had horns. Small little nubs that blended in with his golden curls. He wouldn't have been able to see them if he wasn't washing the boy's head. He rubbed them gently, and the child pressed closer into his arm with a soft sigh.

“One more rinse,” Wilbur hummed, soaping up his one free hand and rubbing it into the kid's hair. His fingers lingered on the sharp point on the kids ears, before he moved back to his hair. He poured water over his hair until it ran clear. And then Wilbur tried to move his arm gently. The kid's face was mashed up against his forearm, and he peered down through his glasses and found the tyke completely out.

“Oh my god,” Wilbur whispered to himself, his soapy free hand coming up to cover his mouth. Damn it! The kid was *adorable*. His little mouth slack with a peaceful expression on his face- Wilbur was gutted and instantly hooked in a single moment. “Phil is absolutely going to lose his marbles.”

Slowly, and with a lot of summoning magic, Wilbur pulled the little boy out of the tub and into his arms. The kid stirred once when Wilbur pulled a new sweater over his head, but with a gentle hush, his blue eyes closed once more.

Wilbur was damp with soapy water, his hair definitely had sand in it, his back ached from leaning over for so long, and he was exhausted. But his heart kept nearly bursting out of his chest as the kid snuggled up into his arms with a soft purr. It was the most tiring and rewarding moment of Wilbur's *existence*.

“I think I need a nap too,” Wilbur said to the sleeping kid in his arms as he made his way to his bedroom. “You're just too exciting for an old guy like me, kiddo. You really are just a little sweetheart, aren't you.” And he pressed a kiss to the boy's curling blonde hair.

Tommy woke up with a snort. It startled him, and he blinked confused and warily. He didn't recognise the nest he was in. There was a dragon growling. Tommy blinked around, and scented the air. He didn't smell another dragon. But there-! He could hear it.

He looked around, and it was very disorienting to wake up in a place that he's never been before. But he recognised the room, mostly because it had the closet full of the softest clothes in the tower. Tommy often pillaged it, but he never been on the sad flat nest that he rested on. It was strange to see the room from this angle. Laying down next to Tommy was Wilbur, his head resting on a soft pillow. Tommy blinked down at Wilbur who softly exhaled and then-

There was a deep guttural growl. And Tommy jumped back, staring horrified at Wilbur. His mouth was slack and his face was peaceful, but he was snarling like a dragon with every exhale.

There was a soft pop, and Tommy was back in his dragon form. His wings flapping in alarm, his back arching back in a warning as he jumped back from Wilbur. One paw curled up, he watched as Wilbur didn't even twitch from his sudden movement. The human made that low gurgling exhale again, and Tommy cocked his head to the side.

What was Wilbur doing? Tiptoeing a bit closer, he scented the air but there wasn't a change. Soon, Tommy was a few inches away from Wilbur's face. Gently he pressed his nose up against Wilbur's cheek and licked him.

Wilbur's face scrunched up and a hand came up to wipe at his face. Tommy scrambled away as Wilbur rolled over. His heart thundered, staring wide eyed as Wilbur grumbled a few words and fell silent. There was a few seconds and Wilbur made that groaning growling sound again.

Why was Wilbur making that sound? Was he upset? Tommy glanced around and instantly spotted the problem. The nest they were on was *horrible*. Just the worst. There was a *single* blanket and two pillows. No wonder Wilbur was so unhappy!

Well, it's a good thing that Tommy was here to fix this. He slithered off the soft mattress and into a familiar hole in the wall. Let's see. Tommy had a nest around here somewhere. He is going to be a nice and very generous dragon and give some of his nest to Wilbur so he isn't upset.

He shuffled around the soft items that Tommy had dragged between the walls and sniffed until he found the perfect item to give. A soft towel that made Tommy purr when he laid on it. Surely, this would make Wilbur happy too. He held it between his teeth and dragged it back to Wilbur's room.

The man was still soundly asleep. Tommy hauled the soft towel onto the bed and laid it out and found a new problem. Wilbur was *big*. And the towel added something to the nest but it wasn't enough. Tommy's tail flicked out, agitated. Well. Maybe he needed to bring more things from his nest here. And he turned around and disappeared back into the wall.

Tommy made several trips, ending up taking the whole nest with him and placing it around Wilbur. And then when it wasn't enough, Tommy pillaged the closet. Hats, sweaters, shoes, everything he could bring onto the bed was placed there. Everything was perfectly placed.

Finally, when Tommy figured it was good enough for Wilbur, he crawled back into the crook of Wilbur's arms. It was very warm. And Tommy discovered that Wilbur's hair was also very soft! His talons didn't grab it very well, and Tommy popped back into his human form so he could touch it.

Wilbur must be very happy now. He stopped growling. Tommy played with his hair, and Wilbur opened his eyes. "Hi," he said, his voice thick from misuse. "This is a pleasant way to wake up." He propped himself up on his elbows and gave Tommy a smile, "hey bud, did you enjoy your nap?"

Tommy grinned at him. That's what humans did? They bared their teeth in happiness. He wiggled excitedly. He hoped Wilbur liked the nest!

"What in the-" Wilbur blinked at the robes and jackets and sweaters that surrounded. Tommy watched his eyebrows crease with baited breath. It wasn't Tommy's *best* work, but it was certainly one of the better ones he's made. "Did... did you make me a nest?"

Tommy nodded and scooted a bit closer. Laying a hand on Wilbur's chest. He was practically vibrating with excitement. "You did this for me?" Wilbur picked up one of the hats that Tommy placed nearby. And he laughed softly, "you're just like Techno."

Yes, but does he *like* it? Tommy leaned in closer until Wilbur turned his head and their faces were only inches apart. Wilbur laughed, and moved away. "I love it, kiddo." He ran his fingers through Tommy's very soft hair. "Thank you for making me a nest."

Hell yeah!! Tommy let out a peal of gleeful laughter. He was the bestest dragon ever. Wilbur scooped him up in his arms and Tommy tucked his head under Wilbur's chin. "You're just the sweetest little kid ever, aren't you?" Wilbur cooed.

"No!" Tommy giggled.

"Yes! Yes you are! Can you say, Wilbur?" Wilbur gave Tommy a squeeze with his arms and then pulled back to stare at Tommy. "Can you do that for me buddy? Can you say Wilbur?"

"No!" Tommy repeated, and Wilbur laughed.

"You little gremlin." Wilbur said fondly, and Tommy really liked it when he said names with that tone. "Come on, say Wilbur or else the tickle monster is going to get you!"

"Noooo!" Tommy didn't know what a tickle monster was but Wilbur dragged his fingers up Tommy's sides and he let out a surprised shriek of laughter. Oh! Oh! That's what it was! Wilbur did it again!

"Come on, kiddo. Say it with me! Wil-bur!"

Tommy shook his head and he screeched happily. His head was getting light from giggling so much but this was so much fun! Breathlessly he reached up and tugged on Wilbur's hair. Tommy was so caught up in the moment he almost, *almost* missed the moment when he heard a door slam downstairs.

He froze, a huff of laughter caught in his throat. And Wilbur stopped too. Both of them heard the distant shout of, "Wil, I'm home."

"Son of a bi- biscuit." Wilbur sighed and whispered to himself, "he didn't go to Techno's."

Tommy cocked his head to the side and squirmed out of Wilbur's arms. "Hey, wait-" but it was too late. Tommy dropped to the floor and his feet padded on the ground as he fled into Wilbur's closet. Then with a soft pop he slithered into a hole in the wall.

Wilbur stood in the doorway moments later, "kiddo, it's okay. I- I won't let him get you. Okay? You don't have to hide." He shuffled around, peering into the shadows before muttering, "he's gone already."

Tommy felt a little bit bad for running away but he didn't like Phil. He was too scary. And Tommy didn't trust either of them around his wings. They were Tommy's and nobody could have them!

Wilbur muttered a few curse words under his breath before stomping away, "I swear, Philza Minecraft, you better have a damn good reason why you're home so quickly. Or I will pluck all of your feathers out one by one."

There was a distant squawk, "excuse me?"

"You heard me!" Wilbur's voice grew distant as he moved away. And Tommy flicked his tail.

Maybe next time when Phil left Tommy could get Wilbur to feed him more golden apples?

Chapter End Notes

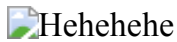
Phil: heh heh Ill just leave for the market for half a day and say I forgot I was going to Techno's, Wilbur will totally buy it

Wilbur, kicking down the door: YOU MADE MY KID RUN AWAY YOU BASTARD.

Gimme validation. I crave good brain juice.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes



This is your warning that there is.... some extreme possessive behavior in this chapter.

You may notice I have put a warning picture at the top of my fics. It isn't because of anything in particular happening, I just got tired of people commenting negative things on my fics about being surprised and shocked of the dark content. Please read the tags on any fic you read. It's a good habit to have.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was dozing peacefully when he heard a soft voice sing out, "sundrop, where are you?" He snuffled a bit in his nest, opening his eyes. Wilbur? Didn't he know that it was nap time? Silly man. "Sweetheart? Are you around here? I have a fun activity for you. Don't worry, Phil isn't home, it's just you and me."

Tommy yawned, and his jaw cracked as he unhinged it. And then he licked his lips before crawling out of his nest. He could hear Wilbur walking down the hallway, and he squirmed out of the nearest hole in a neighboring room before changing into his human form. He shuffled to the door and peered out, and Wilbur turned around with a brilliant smile on his face. "There you are sweetheart!"

Tommy yawned, and then gave Wilbur a grumpy look. He rubbed his eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry honey. Did I wake you up?" Wilbur stepped closer, and put his hands on his knees. "If you want we can go back to my... bedroom and take a nap instead."

No, Tommy was already awake. He shook his head and held out his hand. And Wilbur gently took it. He wanted to do the 'activity' thingie Wilbur said he had. If it meant Tommy could eat golden apples again then would do it in a heartbeat. When he looked back up at Wilbur who softly gripped his hand, he squinted suspiciously. Wilbur was really smiley today. The last one he gave Tommy was creepy.

"We're going to have fun in the kitchen." Wilbur said brightly, gently leading Tommy down the stairs. Tommy was the master at stairs. He could zoom up them all day long. But going down the stairs was a bit scarier when he balanced on two legs. He didn't want to fall in his fragile human form. He hesitated at the top of the stairs, and Wilbur looked at him expectantly. Tommy let go of his hand, he needed both for this!

Tommy slowly sat onto the ground, and shuffled over to the first step before carefully stepping down on the first one. And then he heard a soft, "*oh my god*," and Wilbur was looking down at him with a hand covering his mouth. Tommy scowled. He was still new at

this whole 'human' thing! And going down the stairs was very scary when he didn't know where to put his feet.

"Come here, sundrop." Wilbur held out his arms. "I can carry you, instead. How about that?"

Tommy was a big man! He didn't need to be carried. But he glanced down and saw a dozen more steps, and his will faltered. Okay, so maybe there were a lot of them. He pursed his lips and gave Wilbur a pout as he held his arms up.

Wilbur was giving him that creepy wide smile again. And Tommy almost took back the offer but Wilbur scooped him up. A hand coming up to tuck under his legs and the other arm wrapping behind his back. Tommy let out a soft squeak in surprise as Wilbur straightened up. His fingers digging into Wilbur's soft sweater. He let out a soft gasp.

Tommy had never been so high before! His eyes went wide as he looked down at the stairs, but this time they looked so much narrower than before! Oh no! Wilbur was going to fall and take him with him. He let out a noise of protest, and tried to pry himself out of Wilbur's arms but the grip around him only got tighter.

"Now now, none of that." Wilbur said in a flat, almost musical voice, into Tommy's hair "I've got you now. It'll be okay." And then he took another step down. Tommy squeaked in fear and buried his face into Wilbur's sweater. "It'll be fine. See, I've got you! You won't fall." Wilbur's voice was happy and chirpy again, and he kept going down the stairs.

Tommy was waiting for the moment when they would lose balance. He would never ever never let Wilbur pick him up again. This was a horrible experience! Just the worst! But the moment never came, and Wilbur was at the bottom of the stairs. "Now, that wasn't too bad, was it sweetheart? My little sundrop. I'll protect you, no matter what." And then Wilbur did a strange thing where he pressed his lips into Tommy's hair.

What kind of weird human thing was that?

Okay, so Wilbur might not have dropped him this time. But Tommy was never going to let it happen again.

Wilbur walked into the kitchen with a flourish, dipping Tommy low and then pulling him back up high. Tommy let out a sudden squeal of surprise, but then giggled. Okay that was really fun! Nevermind, Wilbur could pick Tommy up all he wanted if Tommy got to fly like this!

Wilbur did it again, swooshing low and then pulling Tommy up into the air. He was laughing too! Was this what flying felt like? Tommy loved it! "You're so adorable!" Wilbur grinned at him, "yes! Yes you are!"

"No!" Tommy pouted, but couldn't keep it on his face as Wilbur twirled around with him in his arms. He let out a peal of laughter.

"Yes! Yes you are! You're my sweet little boy." Wilbur said, and then hugged Tommy close to him. Tommy gulped in air, feeling almost invincible. And he did that thing that humans

did. He put his arms around Wilbur's neck and squeezed back. It felt really nice! Wilbur stiffened up, and then muttered quietly into Tommy's hair, "should've done this ages ago." Then pulled back, a big smile on his face, "are you ready for something super fun!"

Tommy nodded his head, matching the grin on his face. This was really fun already! Wilbur set him down on the table, and opened a few cupboards in the kitchen. "We're going to make an apple pie! And I needed a little helper with the dough. It's so much to play with!"

Tommy didn't know what dough was, but it sounded like it was super rad. He watched as Wilbur pulled out random things, like eggs and flour and the white stuff that wasn't sugar but tasted nasty. "This is salt." Wilbur held it up, and shook the little canister, and Tommy wrinkled his nose. He had stuck his whole snout in there to get sugar. It was a nasty surprise!

He held the spoon for Wilbur, watching with wide eyes as he measured the other stuff and then Tommy got to mix it all! Smooshing all of the ingredients until they became a weird lump. It was odd. Is this how humans made food? They mixed all of the good stuff together to make something even *better*? No wonder it was so tasty. Tommy also thought it was too complicated to do it for every meal. Just eat a rabbit whole. It was tasty and filling too.

The swishy brown stuff stuck to Tommy's hands. He was only allowed to play with it after he washed his hands, and Wilbur taught him what 'soap' was. Fascinating. Tommy had eaten that stuff too. It tasted better than 'salt.' He wondered when they had gotten some more soap, otherwise he would have consumed it already. Wilbur had to stop him from putting it in his mouth, and Tommy pouted the entire time until Wilbur gave him the 'dough' to mess with.

It. Was. *Fun*.

It was squishy and he could pull it apart and then he could smash it all together again. Tommy laughed and grabbed a big chunk of it and squashed it between his human fingers. He wondered if it tasted good. He licked it and... it was... not bad.

"No, we aren't done yet, sundrop!" Wilbur was mixing up another bowl of the dough. He said Tommy could keep the first batch. "Don't eat it quite yet, we need to cook it first." Tommy cocked his head, and then agreed. If it needed to be cooked then Tommy could wait until then. For now he smacked his hands against the ball of dough. A puff of flour flew up and covered Tommy, and he let out a tiny sneeze.

Wilbur set the bowl of dough down and waved his hand. Tommy was instantly mesmerized as a bowl of apples flew into the air and peeled themselves. They were cut into pieces, and placed gently into a pie plate, the dough from the second batch stretched out and covering the bottom. Tommy gaped as Wilbur leaned over and blew a kiss at it, golden sparkles appearing and floating onto the apples.

Wilbur gave Tommy a conspiring wink, "the secret ingredient, sweetheart. It's love." And then he placed another thin layer of dough on top of the apples before putting the whole thing into the oven. "It'll be ready in a few minutes. Now," Wilbur approached him as he rolled up his sleeves, "what have you made over here?"

Wilbur was showing Tommy how to shape the dough into a butterfly when he asked, “what is your name, sundrop? As much as I love calling you nicknames, I would much rather prefer to call you by your real name, sweetie.” Wilbur hummed, and Tommy glanced at him.

His name is Tommy.

But how does one even *say* Tommy? Dream could say his name all the time. But Tommy only knew how to pronounce three words. Please, fucker, and no. Tommy didn’t know how to start. He scrunched his brows together, and pouted.

“Da?” No. That wasn’t right. “Ba? Ta? TA!” Tommy got excited. Hell yeah, he was the master at speaking. He was getting this on his first try. “Ta!”

“Ta?” Wilbur repeated slowly, testing the word out in his mouth. His lip curled up in an amused smirk. Revealing a sharp tooth.

“Taaaam.” Tommy nodded, and was going to continue sounding his name out when something caught his attention.

A soft noise of a lock turning. Oh! Tommy stiffened, looking at the door like a deer in headlights. He hadn’t heard Phil walk up to the door. Normally he could hear the guy but he had been so quiet-

A hand reached over and gripped Tommy’s wrist. Not so tight that it hurt, but Tommy tried to pull away and found that he couldn’t. Wilbur leaned up against the counter, his chin resting on his other hand. And he gave Tommy a smug cool look, nothing like the warm smiles and excited expressions he gave Tommy.

Betrayal.

The door opened, and Tommy struggled even harder. But the grip on his arm held him still. He let out a soft pleading whimper, and stared up at Wilbur with big eyes. Didn’t he understand why Tommy had to avoid Phil? He was creepy and super bad! A real wrong’un! Tommy wasn’t going to be around him, ever!

“It’s okay, sundrop.” Wilbur hummed, pulling Tommy closer into his arms. What had once been a warm embrace felt restricting. Like the gold cage Dream had put Tommy in. “Don’t worry about it.”

He heard a couple of footsteps from the entry way and Tommy cowered in Wilbur’s arms.

And...

Wilbur stepped into view.

His hair was windswept, and he wore a large tan trench coat that had mud on the hem. He stared at the two of them, mouth falling open. Until his eyes narrowed at the... other Wilbur? The one who held Tommy tightly against his chest.

“Phil, what the fuck do you think you’re doing?” New Wilbur said in a low voice.

Other Wilbur hummed next to Tommy's ears. And Tommy watched with horror as the image of Wilbur rippled away, leaving Phil standing there, a hand around Tommy's waist. He was wearing Wilbur's clothes, a yellow sweater looking odd on his frame.

What the hell?

"What? Why are you looking at me like that? Can't I have fun with my new son? You can't keep him away from me forever, Wil."

Another arm wrapped around him, and Tommy was being squeezed. He let out a strangled noise in protest. Wilbur was Phil? No no, Phil was Wilbur?!

Tommy was never going to trust these fucks ever again!

"Fucker!" Tommy screeched, and kicked out. He was- he was going to rip their eyes out! Eat their guts! Bite them so hard they don't have arms anymore! He was a big and fierce dragon and nobody can-!

"Tom, was it? That isn't your full name, but it's close enough for me. Shush sweetie." Phil crooned into his hair, and then some weird shit happened. Tommy's breaths evened out against his will, and he slowly fell limp. Even though he wanted to growl and screech at the top of his lungs, his body felt heavy and he suddenly couldn't lift a finger anymore. Magic pulled him down.

"Wilbur, Tom and I made a pie! Would you like some?" Phil gestured to the pie that sat cooling at the window. Tommy had almost dug his hands into it when Fake-Wilbur had pulled it out of the oven, it smelled so good, but Fake-Wilbur told him he had to wait for it to cool.

"Did you blow your weird fae magic all over it?" Wilbur asked cautiously. He was still standing at the doorway, he hadn't taken another step in. Then he let out a sigh, "figures you'd traumatize the kid even more while I was gone." And he began to pull his trenchcoat from his shoulders.

"I did not! We had so much fun, didn't we, Tom?" Phil pulled his fingers through Tommy's hair and a sprinkle of flour fell from it. "You should've seen him, Wil. We found such a cutie in our home, didn't we? Now, why don't I give you some pie right now?"

Phil peered down at Tommy's slumped form in his arms, a big smile on his face. "I bet you're hungry. I should wait to give it until after dinner. But I can't help it, Tom. I want to keep you. Forever and always. Just a bite. And you'll be my son for an eternity, sundrop."

Tommy let out a soft whimper. His eyes felt so heavy. He didn't want this! He didn't like being near Phil. He was so big and scary.

"Phil, you're being mean." Wilbur threw his coat onto the back of a chair and crossed the kitchen, holding his arms out. "Give him to me."

Phil turned away, and Tommy did *not* appreciate it. “No, you got to hang out with him far more than me, Wil. Let me bond with my new kid.”

“You know how much... Tom doesn’t like you. He likes me better. You don’t want him to hate you for this later on. Give him to me.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No!”

Tommy felt the magic slowly washing off of him. The two adults were arguing above him. And they didn’t notice as Tommy slowly tested his mobility.

The second he could move freely again, he sank his sharp teeth into Phil’s arm. Perhaps they were a bit more pointy than before. But they did the job. There was a yelp, and the arms holding him loosened for Tommy to wiggle away. His feet hit the ground and he dove between their legs to freedom.

“Tom, stop!” Phil spoke, and the magic tried to catch him again but failed. “Wilbur, get him-!” Tommy slipped out of his range, scuttling to hide under the table.

“Watch and learn, Phil.” Wilbur pulled open his bag and withdrew a golden apple. “Come here, Tom. I’ll give you this!” He sang and held up the apple so it glinted in the light, “I just went out and bought more so we can have some more snacks!”

Tommy wasn’t stupid. He spat and hissed, baring his teeth at the two of them. Traitors! Both of them! He was going to leave! It wasn’t cold outside anymore and they betrayed him. He thought Wilbur was Wilbur and not Phil! Horrible nasty humans and their tricks!

But leaving also meant having to leave all of his nests... dang it.

When it became apparent that Tommy was not going to be lured out from under the table, Phil said sarcastically, “I’m learning what not to do, Wilbur.”

“Shut up.” Wilbur snapped back, and then took a few steps closer to Tommy. “Come here, sweetie. I promise, I won’t let Phil hurt you. I know, he’s so mean and scary and-”

Tommy almost didn’t notice how Phil was edging closer. Wilbur was getting close too. Tommy scurried backwards as both Phil and Wilbur tried to lunge forward to grab him. Wilbur pulled out a chair to nab Tommy, and Phil hit it with a pained wheeze. Neither of them managed to get him.

Almost instantly the anger dissipated as Tommy threw his head back and giggled. Oh! Oh was this a game now? Tommy wanted to see Phil make that funny noise again. Wilbur reached an arm in and Tommy evaded it, slipping out from the other side of the table and watching as the two of them muttered curses under their breaths.

“You go left,” Phil said, holding the bite mark on his arm, “and I’ll go right.”

“Got it.” Wilbur muttered, staring down at Tommy like a dragon eyeing up a deer. Tommy knows that look. He tried to catch a few elk himself.

Tommy practically vibrated in excitement. He was very good at playing keep away!! He’ll show these two dumb humans how smart he can be!

Chapter End Notes

Tricked you, didn't I?

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Game? Was this a game? Tommy ducked under another arm, and it was thrilling. Dodging the hands that reached down to him, Tommy skipped out of their grasp and giggled.

“Fuck, Phil stop getting in my way!” Wilbur snapped out.

“Me? Me? You’re the one in my way!” Phil squawked in return. Tommy threw himself under the table again and Phil hit it with a low ‘oof’ once more. “Wilbur just *get him*.”

“I am trying!” Wilbur raced around the other side of the table and Tommy squirmed his way between the legs of a chair and accidentally knocked it over into Wilbur. He stumbled to the side, giving Tommy enough time to race away. His little feet gently patted on the ground as he ran off.

“Fuck!” Wilbur threw an arm out, and Tommy could feel magic try and catch him. But it melted off him.

“Fuck!” Tommy crowed back at them, happy repeating the word. “Fuck!”

“Don’t swear in front of the kid.” Phil hollered, and then he tried to dive after Tommy.

“He already knew that one!” Wilbur cried, and Tommy ducked behind one of the couches.

“Fucker!” Tommy shrieked happily, “bitch!”

“Okay that one was new,” Wilbur muttered, and Tommy squirmed himself between the tight spot between a couch and a chair, evading Phil’s grasping hand. Wilbur tried to cut Tommy off, throwing a spell at the doorway to seal it off.

“Will you just grab him?” Phil snarled.

Tommy ran through the doorway, the spell falling around him like a broken spider web. Wilbur bit out a few more curses.

“Bastard!” Tommy yelled and then giggled again as he raced down the hallway.

“Wilbur! What did I tell you about swearing!” There was a slight pause, *“unseal this doorway right now.”*

“Son of a-”

Tommy stumbled down the hallway, a big smile on his face as he heard the silly humans behind him thumping and crashing behind him. This was a wonderful game! Tommy was too fast! The biggest dragon ever! They could never get him.

Tommy reached the end of the hallway and he paused before glancing in both directions of the new hall. If he went to the left he went to the stairs but if he went right it was the door leading outside and-

Tommy glanced in that direction and met slitted red eyes.

He hadn't smelled- he hadn't- the *big dragon*. He loomed in the shadow of the doorway, standing with his face dark and unreadable. The only thing Tommy could see was glowing red eyes that stared him down. Pink hair cascading down the dragons' back, backlit by the doorway behind him.

In Tommy's heart of hearts, he knew this was a dragon. And Tommy knew that this dragon knew what Tommy was in the same way.

Tommy is in his *territory*.

A tiny little hiccup gasp escaped Tommy's lips. And a strange feeling locked Tommy's limbs together. He couldn't move. It happened before when Tommy had smelt the other dragon, but that was when he was in a nest and now he was standing before it without any barriers. Tommy should *run*.

The big dragon tilted his head slightly. An unspoken question.

A resounding crash broke the quiet stalemate. "Why did you go *through* the wall?" Wilbur wailed, "*my tower*."

"You were taking too long! Tom! Where are you sun drop!" Phil called out, and it was enough. "Come here, darling!"

It was enough for Tommy's instincts to kick him into motion. Tommy turned. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the big dragon lurch forwards. With a squeak of fear and a slight *pop*, Tommy skittered away in his dragon form. His claws dug into the floor as he threw himself into the nearest crack in the wall.

"Techno! Catch him!" Phil screeched.

A single beat. And everything felt like it was in slow motion.

Tommy felt the air displace around him. A breath of a breeze brushing against his scales was the only sign that a hand was reaching out. His claws were outstretched in front of him. His upper body is already in the crack. And-

A woosh of air brushed past Tommy's tail as he made it just in time. Pulling himself into the darkness. His back paws curled under him and pushing forwards.

And then things went back to normal speed. Tommy barely had enough time to dark into the darker recesses of the wall as there was a horrible *crack* behind him. He let out a scared screech as light landed on him like a spotlight. The big dragon *ripped the wall off*.

"*My tower*." Wilbur gasped out like he was gut-punched.

There was a low grumble and Tommy's mind couldn't straighten the two messages it was sending him. *Safesafecomehatchling* banged and fought against the *terrorscaresosorry* that Tommy wailed. They conflicted and meshed together and Tommy could only yowl in confusion as he raced away.

Tommy had spent a great deal of time in these dark spaces that were meant for the rats and other vermin, and he knew the pathways like the back of his wing. But that didn't matter to the big dragon. Tommy abandoned one path to scurry under the floorboards in the piano room and the dragon was always two steps behind. Hands ripping up the boards, grabbing plywood and drywall, and throwing it aside easily.

"Techno! Techno stop! No," Wilbur wailed.

The big dragon rumbled again *safesafecomehatchling*, and Tommy felt his legs start to stiffen up in fear. His muscles locked up again. He stumbled to the side, thrown off, and his wings banged against the ceiling of the floorboards. Tommy cried out in the sudden pain, and the big dragon was just- there. Only a second behind him. Looming as he ripped up the floor. *SafesafeIwillhealyourpain*. It spurned Tommy onwards, his legs feeling weird and rubbery as he scrambled through one room to another.

Tommy hadn't known where he was going. But he paused at the intersection to his main nest. His instincts screamed at him to dig himself under the pillowcases and sweaters so the dragon couldn't find him, but he *knew* that he would be found if he did that. But he wanted so badly to be in his hoard. But it wasn't safe. The big dragon would get him.

Tommy chittered out *fearfearscaredconfusion*.

Calmsafelamhere the big dragon rumbled nearby, and the not-too-distant sound of wood floors being ripped up following it.

Tommy put one paw after the other, slow at first, before he was scrambling away again. This time away from his nest. Tommy had to leave. It cut him. Like a razor. To leave his home behind, to turn away from Wilbur and the warm fireplace. But Tommy still did it because the dragon was going to get him for being in his territory.

The crack in the wall was in front of Tommy. It was the same one that some months ago Tommy had squirmed through at the beginning of winter. He was a few inches bigger, but Tommy could still push his way to the outside world. His claws scrabbled at the stone wall as he jumped down and onto the soft grass.

And he was off. Rushing through the long stems of the grass, worming his way through it like a snake. His paws pushed through the dirt and rocks as he distanced himself from his once-home.

Tommy barely made it to the tree line when he heard a deep *roar* shake the air. He glanced behind him to see the stone wall crumble to pieces. *Hatchlingcomehere*. The dragon stood in the rubble, pink hair whipping around his shoulders as he scanned the area. Half of the tower's outer wall collapsed with a cacophonous sound.

“Techno!” Wilbur fell to his knees in the opening of the tower. The vision of a broken man.

Tommy shot off. He didn’t have the protection of the tower walls to keep the dragon from finding him. His lungs burned and Tommy’s legs were shaky. More than once a paw would give up, and Tommy would find himself face-first into the dirt. He still kept going. Traveling deeper into the woods.

A crash came from behind him. The faint rustle of leaves as a tree cracked in half. Tommy squeaked, and tried to go even *faster*. But his little legs could only do so much. A sound reached Tommy’s ears, the faint gurgling of water moving.

The river! Tommy gunned for it. His little wings flapping weakly in his effort to go as fast as he could. There was one last sound, “Tom! Tom come here, sweetling!” Phil’s voice trilled across the woods, and Tommy dove into the rushing water.

It was cold. And Tommy could normally stay under the water for a long time. But he had never tried to swim out of breath before. He had barely been under the water for a few minutes before his lungs burned for more air. Tommy swam up and poked his head up. To his shock, he was dragged back under the water just as quickly.

The river was faster here. And Tommy had never gone into the rapids before. His wings beat at the water fruitlessly as Tommy tried to get a new breath. His snout barely breached the water, and he let out a short shriek of *helphelp* before he was pulled back down.

The bubbles and froth of the rapids over the rocks obscured his eyes. And Tommy couldn’t tell which way was up. His tail scraped against a rock, and he opened his mouth and water rushed in. Tommy choked.

One last time, Tommy bobbed above the water and didn’t waste his breath to make a noise. He sucked in as much air as he could before he was thrown into the dark depths of the river.

A rock slammed into Tommy’s head. His vision turned into stars, popping every time he blinked. And Tommy’s paws struggled against the riverbed but he couldn’t find a hold. It only dragged silt up into his face, and Tommy wiggled weightless in the water. Another stone hit Tommy’s head and-

-turned the world black.

The gentle licks of the water beat across Tommy’s back paws. The cold was the first sensation he could feel, and the second was the horrible head-splitting migraine that tried to shatter his skull. *Hurthurt* Tommy peeped out, but the noise made it worse.

His body hurt. It hurt more than it ever had before. Even more than the few times that Dream got really mad at Tommy. His wings hurt super bad. Tommy opened his eyes and found that he was missing patches of scales. Leaving him raw and bleeding sluggishly on his sides and legs. *Hurthurtwantcomfort* he warbled.

But there was no reply.

The river bubbled behind him, and the rustling trees offered no support to Tommy's plight.

Tommy was cold. Freezing down to his bones. And all he wanted was to bury himself in his nest and sleep for the next hundred years. Hell, he would even throw himself into the fireplace and let the coals heat up his scales. Tommy whimpered a soft cry. He wanted to go home now.

There was a noise. A shuffle of boots. Was- was it Wilbur? Tommy peeped out his distress. He wanted Wilbur to hold him close to his warm sweaters. Hell, Tommy would even settle for Phil. Anything to stop the pain. Water dripped from Tommy's muzzle and he trembled violently.

The sound came closer. Footsteps were louder. And Tommy squeaked out. A shadow fell over Tommy, and he was already wiggling towards Wilbur or Phil when he opened his eyes. Tommy didn't know his breath could be stolen away from his lungs when he wasn't in the water. Fear dropped heavily in his stomach.

"Hello Tommy," Dream said, a looming shadow over his porcelain mask, "it's been a while, hasn't it?"

Chapter End Notes

Techno: baby baby baby baby baby

Wilbur, crying like the cabbage man from ATLA: MY TOWER!!!

Here comes the angst train. Lil dragon needs to be saved. Since Kings To You is on a small hiatus, I will be posting small but frequent updates to Scaled Schemes until it's finished!! See you Friday!

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Warning: child abuse and mentions of dismemberment. (I should have tagged it from the first chapter when it mentioned it, my bad.) Bruh, Dream is mean in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was so gentle. He pulled Tommy out of the riverbed and took him back home. Even bundling Tommy up in his jacket so he could warm up. Tommy was so grateful as he shivered in the cloth. He didn't move as Dream brought him back to the little cottage that Tommy grew up in.

The home was the same as before. Very little had actually changed since Tommy had last been here. It felt like yesterday that Tommy was snoozing on the couch with Dream, and yet Tommy knew that some months had passed since his hasty departure.

He hoped that Dream wasn't mad at him for biting him. Or for running away.

Dream pulled out a few bottles which Tommy recognized as potions, and gently rubbed the pink stuff all over Tommy's scales. Normally Tommy might have been offended by letting his scales get all dirty from the weird gunk. But it soothed the pain from the missing patches on his skin, and Tommy wasn't going to complain. Not when Dream was taking care of him so tenderly.

"Tommy, Tommy, Tommy." Dream muttered under his breath, and ran a hand down Tommy's back. "I missed you little buddy. Where did you go? I've been so worried since you ran off. I've been looking for you every day."

Every day? *Oh*. Tommy let out a low warble, and tried to press his head into Dream's fingers in an apology. But Dream firmly pressed at the notch between his wings to stop him from moving. "Shh, it's okay. I'm so glad that you're here now. Okay? You're home again."

Tommy weakly chirped his agreement. Yeah. He was home. He was safe with Dream again. He closed his eyes and leaned up into Dream's hand for warmth as he fell asleep. Things will be okay again.

He trusted Dream.

The first few days back at the cabin felt almost surreal. Tommy could barely stay awake during it all. His body was so tired and hurt that it demanded that he sleep it all off. And he

did. He didn't even stir as Dream put him in Tommy's old nest. The one full of gems and cold gold that stole his warmth. But Tommy was so sleepy he almost didn't even care.

But once the area's where his scales had gone missing had scabbed over and Tommy could stay awake more often than not, did Dream finally sit down and talk with him. Tommy dreaded the 'talks' with Dream. Mostly because Tommy could never participate.

"I was so worried, Tommy." Dream cupped his head around Tommy's head, his fingers scratching around his horns. "You left me."

Tommy leaned into the touch and let out a sad chirp. *Sorrysorry.*

Dream pulled Tommy closer into his arms. The motion surprised Tommy and he squeaked. Thick fingers reached up and held his snout closed, "do not make a noise. You don't know how much in trouble you're in, Toms. Got it?"

Tommy's tail curled between his legs, and he held still until Dream let his nose free. And then Dream continued to pet his scales. "I looked for you, Tommy. Every single day. You don't understand how scared I was that you were hurt or worse, dead. You were so lucky I found you. There are so many terrible monsters out there that will eat you up, and I was terrified for you. They would've eaten you in a second if they ever saw you."

Monsters? Tommy hadn't seen any when he lived out in the woods. There was an awful amount of deer, but they never hurt anything. Dream didn't notice his confusion. "I love you, Tommy. You're my kid, you know that? And after you ran I spent a solid week looking for you. You don't know the dangers I had to face. I almost *died*."

Tommy hung his head. "I know, I know." Dream pet him, "it's okay now. I'm fine. But some things are going to change. It's for your own good. Just until I know you won't leave me again." And then something cold clicked around Tommy's neck.

He jerked, and that cold thing was still *there*. Tommy didn't like it! No! It roiled with magic. It licked at his scales and felt *awful*. Tommy let out a shriek and wiggled out of Dream's grasp. His back paws came up to scratch at the disgusting thing around his throat. But it was stuck!

"Tommy! Tommy *stop*." Tommy did not. He scratched and clawed and screamed out again. He hated it! It didn't hurt but it was horrible. It burned with an icy temperature that sapped all of the heat out of his bones. The magic was struggling but slowly seeping into his scales and skin, and Tommy let out a horrible wail.

Dream growled, "Tommy calm down." There was a jerk, and Tommy's world turned upside down and he *couldn't breathe*. There was a chain connecting to the collar around his throat, and Dream held it up as Tommy dangled from the end. Like a fish on a hook.

Tommy could only weakly flap his wings, but even that took too much energy. He couldn't breathe. Slowly he stopped moving, and then he was dropped onto the ground. Dream was there, gently grabbing him and pulling him up into his arms. Tommy weakly gasped for air. "Shhhh, shhhh. I know. I'm so sorry. If you had just calmed down, instead of freaking out, I

wouldn't have done that, Tommy. You have to listen to me next time. It's okay now. I'm here. And I won't let you go."

Gasping for air, Tommy found that phrase wasn't as comforting as it had been ten minutes ago.

The cage was a place that Tommy had never thought he would be in again. He had forgotten how cold it was. How the gold pressed up against his sides and the cage felt smaller than a few seconds ago.

Dream was still so nice to him. Even when Tommy spent all night trying to claw the collar off of him. He left thick red scratches, drawing blood, on his neck from his back claws. And Dream just shook his head and bandaged him up anyways. Even when Tommy was being so *bad* and wasting Dream's resources he was still kind to Tommy.

Tommy missed hiding in the walls. There weren't any cracks here to squirm though. The walls here were solid, and there wasn't a space for Tommy to hide in. The closest thing was maybe hiding under Dream's dresser, and Tommy already did that twice and Dream had grabbed the chain and pulled him out with a yank. Leaving his neck bruised underneath his scales.

But today was different. Dream put him in the cage early. Tommy had gotten used to the schedule. During the free time he got out of the cage he tried to hide like a cat around the cabin. Laying in a flower pot or on top of the wardrobe. But something must be happening today. A change. And it didn't take long for it to appear. There was a knock at the door, and Dream opened it up to reveal a man. He wore mostly white garments, with a heavy green pendant around his neck.

Tommy recognized him.

It was the merchant from before.

"How much do you think his wings would go for?" The words rattled around in Tommy's head. Tommy's heart began to beat faster, and he hunched in on himself in fear.

"Punz!" Dream ushered the man in, "thank you for coming on such a short notice."

Punz walked in without a word, his eyes scanning the cabin before landing on Tommy. Tommy's paws scittered across the gold bars underneath himself, pushing himself as far away as he can in the tiny space. He couldn't stop himself from breathing rapidly. His chest heaving rapidly up and down.

"I see you finally found the rodent." Punz coolly replied, "I wondered why you were insistent in your letter that I come see you right away."

Dream hummed, "you brought the tools? I wanted to make sure they're the right kind."

To Tommy's horror, his eyes wide with terror, Punz pulled out a pair of shears. The iron glinted in the light. And Tommy wished he could melt through the gold cage and run away again. They were- they were going to take his *wings*. No! No no no no!! Stop it!

Too caught up in his panic, Tommy didn't see how Dream stepped closer until the door of the cage had opened. A hand gripped the back of his neck and pulled him out. He let out a screech, but he couldn't reach Dream's hand to claw at it. Not that it would do any good, the collar around his neck wouldn't let him escape. Not like last time.

He didn't want his wings to be taken! They were his! No!!

"Come on, Tommy. This is what happens to naughty dragons." Dream clicked his tongue at him like he was disappointed at Tommy for reacting like this. "You left me, Tommy. And you didn't come back. This is part of your punishment."

There was a hand on Tommy's wing and- no no no! This was too much! Tommy didn't want to lose his wings! They were his! No! Don't take them away! Didn't they understand? No means no! There was a blur, and a soft pop and Tommy screeched at the top of his human lungs, "*NO!*"

"Oh shi-"

"The hell-"

Tommy burst into tears. He was so bad. So so bad. But he didn't want to lose his wings. He was supposed to grow up and be big and strong and take Dream flying. That's what Dream always talked about. And how could he fly when he had no wings? Thick tears fell down his face, and Tommy couldn't stop it. He blubbered and whined. He wanted Wilbur here.

"Holy shit," Dream said, staring at Tommy like he grew a second head.

Punz didn't look half as surprised. "Damn." There was a pause, "he looks like a fae."

"He's a fucking dragon."

"I'm not arguing that. But I'm sayin', he looks like he's fae."

"I would know if Tommy is fae. Hell, I named him when he was a baby." Dream argued back, "you know how weird fae are with their names. If you say them enough and they'll come."

"Woud've saved you some time hunting him down in the woods." Punz remarked, and Dream looked like he might hit him. "You didn't even look for him until a couple of days passed."

"I thought he'd get tired and come home." Dream growled back, a dark pinched look on his face. Then he sighed, and took a second to compose himself. "Okay, clearly this isn't going to happen today. I don't know if I could force Tommy to switch back. I'll send you a letter again when I can train him."

“You have debts, Dream.” Punz said, snipping the shears threateningly. Tommy flinched back at the sounds. “And you need to pay up sooner, rather than later. I bet a few dragons would be very interested to hear where their missing egg went.”

“Don’t you threaten me,” Dream snarled back, “and I will pay you back. I just need a few days and you can take the blasted things. Got it?”

“I’ll be back in three days.” Punz said, “and if the dragon isn’t here then I will hunt you down instead. I know your friends aren’t around here anymore. They’re off doing their own things these days. You’ll be all alone.”

“Fine.” Dream snatched the shears from Punz, “three days. Now leave.”

Punz didn’t say a word, just giving Dream a sneering look before leaving. Tommy shook and shivered on the table. Tears still running down his face. The only thing that kept him warm from the endless cold the collar wrapped around his neck was the thick red sweater that Tommy stole from Wilbur. He buried his face into the material, smelling the smoky scent of cinnamon that was Wilbur. He wanted to hide away from the world and never come back out.

He wanted Wilbur. He wanted to hear him laugh and his music and the guitar and the stories about sand and *everything*. Tommy missed him so bad. He would even take Phil now too. He wanted the weird looks and the endless smiles and the big warm hugs that he gave Tommy. Anything but this.

“Tommy,” Dream said, and he looked tired too. He gave Tommy a flat look, “why do you always fuck things up for me?”

The words felt like a slap. Tommy flinched back as if he was physically struck. A fresh wave of tears cascaded down his chubby cheeks. “I can’t do this. Not right now. Go to your cage.” Dream dragged a hand down his face, “*now*. ”

Tommy scrambled to his cage. If it had been small when he was a dragon, it was *tiny* now. Tommy could barely squeeze through the opening and he tucked his legs up into the sweater as Dream closed and latched the door. “This feels a bit wrong locking a kid up,” Dream muttered under his breath, too soft for a normal human to hear but Tommy picked it up anyways. “Do not make me come out here again, got it?”

Tommy nodded frantically, and Dream left. Slamming the door behind him. Leaving Tommy alone in the dark and cold. The collar pressing against his skin was freezing and horrible. And Tommy curled himself as tightly as he could and shook.

Dream had- Dream had tried to take Tommy’s wings. Tommy had been so bad. He left. He left and Dream was going to take his wings for forever now. Tommy would never be able to go see the tower again. He wouldn’t be able to dig into his hoard and purr next to the fireplace. He was doomed to be in this gold cage and never fly.

Tommy missed Wilbur. He missed Phil. He wanted their warm arms and tasty foods and endless soft things. He let out a soft keening whine. Calling out for them.

Hurthurtwantcomfortplease but there was no answer. He wanted Wilbur and Phil. They would make it all better.

What had Punz said about fae? Tommy had barely heard him over his own sobs. But Tommy knew that Phil was a fae. Wilbur said it enough when Phil got into trouble.

Fae will come if you say their names enough?

Tommy whined, shifting uncomfortably in the cage. His legs banged and cramped up in the tight space. But he wouldn't turn back into a dragon. Not when Dream could take those iron shears to his wings at any given moment. He tilted his head back and softly keened, "*Pheel. Pheelzzah.*"

The moonlight from the window was Tommy's only comfort that night as he relentlessly called out. Repeating the same word, over and over again. Hoping that eventually, Phil will come and get him.

Tommy wanted to go home now.

Chapter End Notes

Let it be known here first folks- Tommy said Phil's name first.

Things will get better next chapter I promise.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Funny story, this chapter was 2.7k and then I looked at it and said, "this needs a little more spice." And now its nearly 5k.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The faint ringing of a bell dinged at the edge of Phil's senses. He brushed it off, he had other things to do than answer a summons. But his name was repeated, over and over. Phil would like to say that he was a patient man. He would wait out most summons. He was a high fae, he didn't have to go running every time somebody spoke his name. It was one of the perks for being ancient. And right now, answering a summons wasn't on his list.

He had other things to deal with. So he ignored it.

Phil had his family to worry about. Wilbur and Techno were not coping. And neither was Phil, to be honest. But since he was their parent, he had to keep his calm. He was the pillar of strength to keep them going.

Even when Wilbur set out golden apples on every window, in the hopes that Tom would come back. Or when Techno would disappear into the forest around the tower, barely coherent and lost in his instincts. He was still stuck in a haze of frantic instincts. Seeing a hatchling, barely a few years from the egg, would do that to a dragon.

Phil wasn't much better. But he tried his best to provide for Wilbur and Technoblade.

Phil had to build his nest. The tower was practically non-livable now. The floors in half a dozen rooms had been ripped up, and the walls had gaping holes. But thankfully Phil's room had been untouched from the damage. It would take a while before it could be fixed, and Phil's hands itched constantly until he was pulling his nest apart to make it bigger.

They had to have something to bring Tom home to. A nice, warm nest, with all of the best blankets and cushions that Phil could offer. It would be perfect. But every time he finished it wasn't enough. He always found a fault in the way he built it. A blanket was placed incorrectly. Or the shape of the nest wasn't right. And he began again. Taking it all apart in a fury before gently and methodically remaking it. Over and over. Waiting. Hoping that eventually Wilbur or Techno would appear in the doorway with a golden haired boy in their arms.

They never did. And Phil pulled the nest apart once more.

Phil would join in the search too. But every time he was close to walking out the door, he stopped himself. If he did, he didn't know if he could stop. The hours passed by, and Wilbur

and Techno never came. And he couldn't let them crumble without a home to go to. He paused building a nest to make them food in the destroyed kitchen.

The pie he had with Tom sat on the windowsill still. Untouched. And Phil didn't have the heart to move it. It could keep for a few more days.

Phil liked to think he was patient. For a being who has lived for thousands of years, he had learned to wait. But his nerves were on fire, every day passing by without sign of Tom made his patience grow strained.

And the stupid fucking bells in his ears were driving him closer to the edge. Phil's ears twitched in annoyance, and he gazed out a window with a blank stare. Two days. Of non-stop ringing. He was ready to draw blood.

Phil had just pulled Wilbur away from a summoning circle for the third time in two hours. The silly boy *knows* that summoning circles don't work on dragons. There was a limit on what would affect one of the most magically resistant creatures on earth. Tom might only just be a hatchling, but there was a slim to little chance that a scrying spell could latch onto him. Wilbur poured over countless tomes in the library, and Phil might have been impressed to see Wilbur dedicated to a subclass of magic that Wilbur had once claimed was 'fucking useless.' But watching Wilbur driving himself into a rut wasn't something Phil could watch right now. Phil threw his son into a half made nest and covered him with a wing until Wilbur passed out.

Wilbur probably regretted choosing to dedicate his mastery to necromancy when it became clear that only light spells could work on locating Tom. Phil hadn't pushed him to explore outside of his chosen field, too proud of watching his human son overturn kingdoms with an army of dead. After this, Phil might nudge him into looking into other subclasses. This way Wilbur won't be driving himself half mad looking into seer spells.

Techno prowled the outside of the ruined tower. A giant mass that hid in the darkness of night. A low croon coming from the large dragon, who was the size of a small mountain, rattled the remaining window frames. A plea. A mournful cry for a child to come back. A promise of protection and family- and yet no answer comes.

Tom hasn't been seen. Nor any sign of him existed in the woods surrounding the tower. An old nest, perhaps half a year old, was found a few miles away. Techno found it underneath a tree, a small hollow decorated with bits of dirty sheep wool and dried grass piles. It hadn't been touched in some time. But Techno had smelled it out, the scent of the young dragon still clinging to the pitiful nest.

How long has Tom been living by himself? Techno didn't show it, but Phil knew him long enough to see how much this was affecting him. The slight distressed pinch of his eyebrows and the white of his knuckles as they found more and more clues that Tom had been *alone*.

Hatchlings should never be *abandoned*.

Dragons are an incredibly rare species. It was difficult to have hatchlings, and normally they did not survive out of the egg very long. Disease and cold affected them heavily. A single

sneeze could wipe out an entire clutch. Dragons are wildly fierce and possessive, but they love and care for their young with just as much, if not more, obsession than what they had for their hoard. Phil had heard some dragon parents dying because they were too focused on their clutch to recall that they had to *eat*.

If Phil had known that Tom was a dragon, he would have called Techno home long ago. The hatchling's health was far too important, and Tom could easily get sick and die with only a little cold. And now, Tom was out there. Somewhere. Probably cold and hungry, shivering in the darkness. Maybe even *dying*. And Phil was doing nothing.

A bell was ringing in his ears. Over and over. And he snapped.

He would go deal with the summons. And after that, Phil was going to raze the forest to the ground. The neighboring villages will be torn apart. Tom could not hide like this on his own. Somebody was hiding him.

Phil *will* find Tom.

Even if it left him in pieces.

The murder of crows waited for him outside. A fluttering of wings and short caws filling the air. As if they knew what was going to happen long before Phil had made his decision. Techno stood in the doorway in his human form, leaning against the wooden frame. His long pink hair in a messy braid, untouched since he arrived a few days prior.

"You're leaving." It wasn't phrased as a question, but Phil knew his son like the back of his hand. It was time for Phil to step up, and to let his sons rest.

"I will be right back," Phil stepped through the door, smelling smoke on the wind. "Bad timing for a summoning. But after I deal with it, I'll be right back, mate."

Techno snorted, and a puff of smoke escaped his nose. "Fools. Summoning a high fae, this close to a full moon?" His son glanced at the moon which hid behind the drifting clouds. "Mortals are morons."

"They never listen." Phil agreed, and spread out his wings. He paused, and gave Techno a considering look. "We'll find him."

"I know." Techno twitched, "I know we will."

"It's just a matter of time, Technoblade."

"He's... small. Phil, you don't understand." Technoblade grimaced, and honestly Phil didn't have a single idea how his instincts must be messing with him. "He wasn't scented."

Phil's wings lowered from their position, as he paid attention to Technoblade's words. "What does that mean, mate?"

"Hatchlings are bathed with the scents of their parents when they crawl out of their eggs." Techno was the most elegant with his words. The library dug into the mountain filled with

poetry and histories spoke of that. But as Phil watched him struggle to find the correct ones to say, it hit Phil how difficult it must be for Technoblade to put it into words. “But there isn’t one on Tom. These scents stay with them for a couple of decades.”

“He wasn’t with his parents when he was born?” Phil asked, his heart heavy. Was Tom perhaps a victim to the black market? A dragon egg would have been priceless to the right people.

Techno shook his head, “he doesn’t have them. At all. Tom hasn’t been around another dragon. They would have scented him otherwise. He has no idea what to do with his instincts. And you know what that means, Phil?”

“What?”

And a wide, hungry, grin crossed Techno’s face. “He’s free game.”

The cottage was quaint.

It had been easy to follow the pull of the summons, flying with the murder of crows right behind him. The birds croaking and chattering amongst themselves as a predator flew through the skies.

Phil gave himself a few seconds to observe it. It was tucked into a small valley, and honestly he wouldn’t have known it was here if he hadn’t been called. The moon peered out from behind a cloud, illuminating the small hut. A window held the soft orange glow of a candle. There were people here.

There were a few pots of flowers outside, and a tiny little garden tucked in a corner. It was barely out of Technoblade’s territory. Phil had a tendency to stay in the boundaries lest Techno found out and pulled him into his hoard for a century as punishment.

Phil didn’t mind that his son was just as possessive as he was. It was nice to have company in their dark little corner of the world.

Still, Phil had no idea they had a neighbor so close.

With one more flap of his wings, Phil landed on the doorstep. With a flick of his fingers, he hid his inhuman features behind a thin thread of magic. Misdirection to prevent human eyes to notice how pointy his ears and teeth were. Humans were always so squeamish when it came to Phil’s natural appearance. Perhaps it was a remainder of the ancient days, when the fae would hunt the poor fools on horseback. Phil recalled those memories fondly.

Brushing down his clothes to hide any signs of his unnatural appearance, Phil pasted on a fake smile. And he gave the door a firm rap with his knuckles.

A bell rang in Phil’s ears again, and he heard a faint whisper of a noise on the other side of the door.

There was a long pause before there was a shuffle of movement. A man's voice cut through the door, "will you just *shut up*. Prime, if you don't stop crying then I'll give you something to cry about." And there was a pause, and footsteps came closer to the door. "You said I had three days, Punz! It's only been two--"

"Hello," Phil sickeningly sweet words greeted the human. He turned on his charm to the human waiting in the doorway. And to his mild surprise, Phil actually recognised him. Admittedly it had been a few years, but Phil recognized the pale green eyes and the freckles dotting the human's nose.

Phil only remembered his eyes, thinking in dismay that they should have been blue to match his golden hair when he met the young knight some years ago. "What was your name again? Dream, right?" The human stood in the doorway, frozen with wide eyes. Looking like a mouse who had been spotted by a cat.

The name felt right on his tongue. Huh. Normally it took a bit to wheedle a name out of a mortal. Well, it made this trip a lot easier.

Phil remembered him mostly because Technoblade constantly complained about the knight that never failed to show up and fight him. It was laughable, really. That a human would think that they were on par with a full grown dragon such as Techno. But Technoblade had been impressed with Dream's abilities, and left him alive at the end of every duel.

Until the last one, when Dream tried to ask Technoblade to be *his* dragon. It was only out of respect from their history that Technoblade left him still *breathing*. If Phil had been at the hoard, he would have gutted Dream for the audacity. Even now, some years later, Phil could see the scars dotting the human's arms.

Pity he didn't die from the wounds.

"I'm sorry, have we met before?" Dream eyes were still bright and focused, although Phil could certainly feel how Dream's eyes glanced over his face. He was unconsciously fighting the magic. With a subtle twist of his power, aided by the fact that Phil had his name now, he nudged Dream to ignore the fact that he couldn't look into Phil's eyes directly.

"No, no I don't think we have. I'm a friend of a friend. Technoblade told me about you," Phil gave him a closed mouth smile. Watching as Dream's eyes became glazed, and he swayed on his feet.

"Technoblade?" Dream blinked, and his tense shoulders relaxed with a push from Philza. "I haven't heard his name in a long time. How is he doing?" The human's hand reached up and touched a long ropy scar on his own arm.

"Fine. Fine, still a big old grumpy dragon." Phil peered into the dark space behind Dream. It was clear that this human wasn't the one responsible for summoning him. But when he leaned to look behind Dream's body, the human moved to block his sight.

"What are you doing here?" Dream said bluntly, and Phil was briefly amazed to see the human defensive despite the fae magic telling him to *trust trust trust*.

Fae cannot lie. But Phil had long since mastered the art of misdirection long ago. His voice was slick and full of false promises. “I was in the area and saw your home. I’ve never been in this lovely little valley before. Is there anybody else here?”

“No.” A lie. Phil’s smile got a little less cheery. He hated liars. “I suggest you leave. Good day.” And Dream tried to close the door. A stubborn little human. Even with Phil trying to beguile him, Dream kept trying to push the enchantments off.

Maybe Phil should just leave the poor human to his sad, mortal fate. They all die eventually. Dream was trying awfully hard to shake Phil’s magic off of him.

That would have been that. Phil might have turned and left, if he hadn’t caught the small whisper of, “*pheelzaah*.” His ears ringed with his name.

Nevermind.

Phil came here with the intention to *kill*. A bit of stress relief before he hunted down his missing kid. It would be a shame to pass it up.

He let the enchantment fall away. A clawed hand caught on the wooden door before it shut all the way. Phil smiled with all of his teeth showing. They were sharp and inhuman. Dream’s eyes dilated into pinpricks.

Phil purred with delight. He did like to see fear on the face of mortals.

Monsters did live in the woods, after all.

“Just a second, mate. I think somebody wants to talk to me.” Phil said, before heaving the door open for him to step inside the dark cottage.

There was a low mutter of voices. A conversation.

Tommy raised his head when he reseted it against cold metal of the cage. He felt imprints of the gold bars leaving red stripes across his cheeks from leaning on them for too long. He didn’t have the energy to do more than lift his head to see what was happening.

Was it Punz?

Tommy swallowed dryly. He didn’t know how long he’s been in the cage for. All he knew was *pain*. Everything hurt and ached, and Tommy wanted to go home.

Pounding drums beat against his skull from the inside out, and Tommy’s eyes burned from the tears that had streaked down his face at one point. He might have continued crying, especially as Dream got meaner and meaner as the days passed, but he didn’t get any water. Only good dragons, who gave up their wings, got water. That’s what Dream said. His mouth was dry and seemed to suck all of the moisture from his lips and nose, leaving them burning and cracked.

“Pheelzaah,” Tommy rasped out, blinking tiredly as he stared at Dream’s back. Repeating the word over and over was the only thing that Tommy could do anymore. The word Tommy that he had yelled out, slowly faded into a hushed whisper as time went on, had almost lost its meaning. It was nearly instinctual to keep repeating it at this point. Sometimes Tommy was lost in a haze he nearly forgot what he was even saying.

He was so tired. He wanted to sleep. But it got to a point where Tommy couldn’t pass out. It evaded him. He almost did it a couple of times. Barely slipping into a light doze before the slightest noise woke him up with a startle. But something inside of him screamed that it was too dangerous to sleep, and it kept Tommy painfully awake and sleep deprived.

Dream stood in the open doorway. But Tommy couldn’t see anything past his wide back. He couldn’t even crane his neck to try and peer around Dream. Not when he couldn’t move anymore. His human legs had gone numb and unfeeling a while ago, and he barely had an inch in any direction to shift in.

Overstimulated, hungry, thirsty, and Tommy just... sat there. His voice was almost a faint whisper in the wind now. “Pheelzaah.”

Dream had said when Tommy turned back into a dragon he could eat and drink all he wanted. But Tommy wasn’t an idiot. He saw the stupid shears in Dream’s pocket. He knew what would happen. Tommy is a big dragon. He can- he can stay in this stupid cage forever.

As long as he can keep his wings.

Tommy’s eyes slid shut once more. They hurt. It all hurts. Everything was awful. And he wanted- “Pheelzaah.” He mustered up the last ounce of energy to painfully rasp it as loud as he could as if it would summon Phil finally.

Dream hit the ground with a thud.

Tommy’s eyes flew open at the sudden noise. Dream was laying flat on his back, his hands outstretched as a dark shape loomed outside of the door, moonlight spilling around the figure. Before Tommy could think- before he could react, as sluggish as he could, *Phil* stepped inside.

He looked weird. But then again, Phil always looked strange with his stupid hat. His blue eyes glowed in the darkness, sharp and narrow as they stared down at Dream. His big black wings curled around his shoulders. There was a sharp smile on his lips.

Typical Phil.

“You can’t do this-!” Dream shouted as he scrambled back from Phil, banging into the table as he rushed to his feet. “I know the rules you have to follow. You’re not invited in here.”

“Au contraire,” Phil gave Dream a gentle knowing smile, “when somebody calls my name it gives me permission to pass into your threshold. And, that rule that only works with lesser fae or vampires. And I am neither. *Dream*.” He purred Dream’s name out. Dream turned white like a sheet.

Tommy's hands curled into fists around the gold bars. "Pheelzzaahhh!!" He croaked quietly, pressing his weight up against the side of the cage. Phil was here. He was finally here. A crushing relief hit Tommy. And his eyes watered up slightly.

Phil's head snapped over to Tommy like a hawk. And the cool smug look vanished. Replaced with a sharp gasp, his sparkling blue eyes widening, and his mouth opening slightly. Emotions flickered over his face. Too fast for Tommy's tired brain to understand. Before it settled on a quiet and wondrous awe.

"Pheell." Tommy whined, and if he could fit a hand through the bars he would be trying to reach out to him. "Pheel." He rattled the metal. Tommy wanted to *get out*. Phil was here now. That means Tommy can leave. He was tired of being in this stupid small cage.

"Tom." Phil's voice gasped and cracked with relief, and he took a step towards the cage. And then his head flicked back to Dream with startling speed. The soft look was gone. Replaced with only rage. "*You.*"

"What the hell?" Dream's voice pitched high, "why the-"

Phil was next to him in a flash. Tommy sluggishly blinked. It was too fast for him to keep up. The next thing he saw Phil was holding Dream up by his neck. "*Give me the key Dream.*"

Dream grunted and choked, and he garbled something out that Tommy didn't understand. But Tommy was more preoccupied by the fact that Phil wasn't *helping him*. Why- why wasn't Phil letting him out? Why wasn't Phil looking at him? Was Tommy bad? Was Tommy a bad dragon and Phil was going to leave him with Dream? What was going on?

No. No no no nononono. Please. Please Phil. Let him out. Please he'll be good. He'll eat his stupid sparkly food and let Wilbur brush his hair all the time. Even though Tommy hated it he'd do it. Just let him out.

Tommy's voice broke as he let out a wail. "Pheell. Pheeeeeeeeeelllll!" He coughed weakly. His breath hitched erratically and Tommy didn't have any more tears to shed. But he was crying, even if his eyes were dry and itchy and- He threw back his head "*Pheeeell.*" He screeched as loud as he could. His throat burned and cracked.

There was a horrible crack. And Dream let out a pained shout, and Tommy saw his shoulder... moving in a direction it maybe shouldn't be. Dream made a wet noise. He fell onto the floor again in a weird position. Phil's hand was all red and-

And-

Tommy didn't know why Dream wasn't getting up anymore.

Phil leaned down and hissed something at Dream, who laid crumpled on the ground letting out a quiet moan. "Don't move from this spot, Dream," the words were sharp. "I'll deal with you later." And Phil stepped over Dream's body, disappearing into the back room.

Tommy was sobbing openly. He wanted out. He wanted out so badly. Why wasn't Phil letting him out? Phil would do it, right? He wasn't mean like Dream either. Tommy let out a despairing wail that sounded more animalistic than human. He wanted out *now*. *Now!* Where was Phil? He's gone. He left.

"Tom, Tom, I'm here." Phil was at the entrance of the cage. The dull metal gray of the key didn't match the gold cage, and Tommy gripped the bars and tugged on them pathetically. He whined loudly. Tommy tried reached a hand through the bars. Now! He wanted out *now*.

Phil fumbled with the key a lot. Juggling it between his fingers as he tried to push it into the lock. Tommy didn't notice how the iron burned red hot in Phil's palms. Tommy let out a pleading wail, his voice cracking in the middle.

"Shh, shhh it's okay Tom." Phil was breathing quickly like he was panicking too. And that didn't calm Tommy down either. He let out a desperate whine *savemesavemeplease*. Phil was still calling him by the wrong name too! It's not Tom!

"Tom-meeeeee." Tommy rattled the cage with his hand again. "Is Tom-meee!"

"Tommy." Phil paused his frantic shuffle. He gave a shaking smile to Tommy, "that's a wonderful name sundrop."

It *is* a good name. It is Tommy's name so therefore it's the best name ever. The praise distracted Tommy for a second, and he replied thickly through his stuffy nose, "dank you." See? Wilbur taught him *manners*.

The key finally slotted into place, the cool metal hissing against Phil's skin. And it turned, releasing the lock on the small cage.

Tommy didn't have the patience to try and wiggle his way out of the small opening. His human body was far too big just to slither out. And with a pop, Tommy reverted back to his scaled form and shakily crawled into Phil's awaiting palms.

Phil held him close to his chest. And Tommy hooked his talons into his shirt. Wheezing silently now, as Phil murmured reassurances to him. Tommy has never been held while as a dragon before. Especially by Phil. But he didn't press against the sore spots on Tommy's scales, instead his fingers curled around Tommy like he was something reverent. Like Tommy could break in his hands.

"There you go, darling. Sweetheart. Tommy, my little Tommy. It's okay. I got you now." Phil held Tommy, brushing his fingers against Tommy's dull golden scales, avoiding the patches where the scales had been scraped off. "Everything will be okay. You're safe Tommy. I promise. You're safe."

Tommy didn't feel safe yet. His skin still buzzed from being in that cage, and the collar around his neck was still sucking all of the warmth from his body. He let out a weak chirp. Digging his claws into Phil's robe, he began to climb up onto Phil's chest. He was still so exposed. He needed to be safe in a dark area. Needed warmth. Needed nest. Needed to hide.

Phil let out a shocked gasp that quickly turned into a half laugh, as Tommy slithered down his shirt. With a bit of wriggling and Phil hands supporting him from the outside of the cloth, Tommy poked his little snout out from the collar and his tongue flicked out and tasted the air. Yes. Yes this is good. This is *very* good. It was close enough to Tommy's nest that it soothed his instincts.

"There you go sweetheart." Phil's voice was very close to Tommy's head now, and it reverberated and shook Tommy. His heart beat was really loud too. "Why don't you try and get some sleep while we head back home."

Home? Was Tommy allowed to go back home? It felt like forever ago when the big dragon chased him out. Tommy wrapped his tail around his torso in nervousness. And he let out a low chitter.

"Shhh," Phil rubbed at Tommy's snout soothingly, "it's okay. I promise. Techno won't hurt you. He got a shock when he saw you, Tommy. It's almost unheard of to see little hatchlings out of their nest when you're this small. And if Techno does anything scary I'll protect you. Okay? You don't ever have to run away again. Just come to me, and I'll save you."

Oh. Phil will protect him? Even against a big and scary dragon like Techno? Then... maybe it was okay to go back home to the tower then. Tommy can go home. Phil protected him against Dream. So he has to be big and strong too! Tommy weakly nuzzled into Phil's palm. He trusted Phil.

Phil walked out of the cabin. Tommy barely saw anything from where he was hidden inside of Phil's shirt. But he saw the blue sky above, and the fresh air smelled sweet. It reminded Tommy of how exhausted he really was. He was warm for the first time in days.

But even as tired as he was, the second he felt the wind brush his face and Phil lurch into the sky- it stole his breath away.

Tommy was *flying*.

He wormed his head to poke out of Phil's collar, wide eyed as the world beneath him fell away. Trees which were so large, began to shrink as they flew higher. And Tommy let out a excited squeak. Enjoying the wind that buffeted his face. Taking in gentle puffs of air through his snoot.

It was everything that Tommy had imagined it to be.

He can fly.

It was magical. He closed his eyes, allowing the sensation of being weightless overwhelm him. His wings twitched as he tried to lift them. And the hand that supported Tommy through the shirt tightened slightly, "careful!" Phil said a touch too loudly, "I don't want you to fall."

But Tommy ignored him. Instead he imagined that it was *him* who was flying. His glorious wings spread out so wide, so gigantic and huge that they blotted the sun out. Tommy was a

big dragon!! And he could roar so loud it'll break glass! He's a very big, manly, dangerous dragon and he can do whatever he wants in the world!

Tommy fell asleep in Phil's robes, the wind gently buffing his face. It was safe enough for him to pass out. He dreamed of flying through the clouds and eating it like cotton candy. It was so sweet and fluffy, and tasted exactly like golden apples. He drove through the air, back and forth, happily.

Even asleep, Tommy knew that everything was going to be okay now.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy, after seeing Phil for 0.2 seconds: WHY ISN'T HE LETTING ME OUT YET. HE HATES ME.

Thank you to SilverWing15 for reading through this and helping me!!

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

the early post was because of Koi and Bones. They posted and I wanted to join in the party.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“-can go kill him and I’ll bring the fucker back.”

“Don’t bother. I sent Technoblade to pick him up. He’ll bring the bastard back. We can put him in the dungeon.”

“I wish I could tear his head off right *now*.” Wilbur whispered with such ferocity that it roused Tommy from his slumber. He could hear the words being exchanged above his head for a little bit now, but the sudden anger and snarl of words finally roused him from his dreams.

“Shhh,” the pillow underneath him rumbled soothingly, “you might wake him up.”

“Sorry,” Wilbur said. And Tommy scented the air with little huffs, before letting out a little squeak. Too late. Tommy is awake. The soft warm cloth above him moved back, and Tommy peered out of his nest. No... wait this wasn’t his nest. Tommy blinked and looked up into the big face of Phil right above him.

“Hey lil guy,” Wilbur softly spoke, next to Phil. His head leaning up against Phil’s shoulder, looking down at Tommy with a soft look on his face. “How are you feeling?” Wilbur leaned over and poked Tommy’s snoot with a pad of his finger.

Tommy flicked his tongue out and licked it. And Wilbur laughed, shifting around so he can be closer to Tommy.

“Have a good nap?” Phil reached up and rubbed a thumb up and down Tommy’s neck. Oh. Oh!! That hit a good spot! Tommy craned his neck in Phil’s touch. Leaning heavily on his hand to get more.

“I think you found an itchy spot.” Wilbur huffed, and Phil lightly scratched at Tommy’s scales.

“His scales are dry.” Phil murmured to Wilbur. “He’s so young he might need them oiled for him before he starts producing his own.”

“I know a big lizard who’d probably be thrilled to share some of his.” Wilbur replied quietly back, and Tommy ignored their conversation. Phil was hitting a good spot. And Tommy’s

back leg thumped against Phil's chest under his shirt as he leaned his weight into Phil's hand.

Oooooohhhh yesss. So good. Tommy let out a small purr of satisfaction.

"Prime, he is so small. Techno can rattle the windows with that noise. But Tommy's is like a kitty." Wilbur whispered, and- okay Tommy *heard* that. Tommy whipped his head around and gave Wilbur his meanest glare. He is not small! He's a big dragon! Not a cat! The biggest ever! Wilbur cracked a fond smile on his pale face, "I'm sorry, Tom."

"It's Tommy." Phil replied with a musical hum before Tommy could snarl at Wilbur for getting his name wrong again. "That is his name. It's Tommy." Phil's fingers stopped scratching and they wrapped around Tommy's throat. Loose and warm and not tight. And Tommy peered up at Phil, leaning into his palm.

Phil was smiling down at him. His sharp teeth on show. But it wasn't scary to Tommy anymore. Phil's blue eyes almost glowing with something dark and deep. "He told me. Right Tommy? You gave me your *name*." Something warm wrapped around Tommy's torso. It's sticky tendrils threading it's way around Tommy's ribs and tiny beating heart. Magic. But it wasn't sickly and uncomfortable like it had been once. It was just... warm. And soft like a nest. It pulsed twice, before sinking in. A thread of magic binding them.

It was *nice*.

Tommy lazily nodded at Phil. And then blinked twice before sneezing directly in Phil's face.

Wilbur broke into laughter as Phil's face screwed up and with a hand, rubbed the wet spots off his face. "Yes!" Wilbur raised his arms in the air and leaned back, "you get him, Tommy!"

"Laugh it up, Wilbur." Phil said dryly, and his features returned to normal. He was once again a soft old human, with pointy ears and pretty blonde hair. The dark look disappeared, leaving him the old man who wore a silly nightgown to sleep in. "Getting covered in bodily fluids is just a part of being a parent."

"Ew." Wilbur looked perturbed.

"I don't want to mention how many times you vomited on me-" Phil sighed and Wilbur plugged his ears and started to hum loudly.

"I can't hear you! It's too loud." Wilbur shouted, and Tommy let out a squeak of surprise from the change of volume.

"Shh!" Phil hissed, and smacked Wilbur's shoulder.

"Oh, sorry." Wilbur slumped, "I didn't mean to scare you Tommy."

It was fine. Tommy wriggled his way out of Phil's shirt, bopping Phil in the face with one of his wings. But a hand reached up and gently tugged him back against Phil's chest. "Don't try and move, sweetheart." Phil crooned, "you're injured. I don't want you to get hurt by moving more."

Tommy wiggled under the hand, letting out a croaking chirp in protest. But he stopped, letting Phil press him down. “Are you thirsty?” Wilbur leaned back, and Tommy let out another chirp. “Here, let me grab my cup.”

“I sure hope that’s a cup of water, Wilbur.” Phil spoke lowly, “if you try to give him coffee, you and I will have words.”

“It’s not coffee!” Wilbur reappeared with a glass of water in hand, “despite what you think, I don’t drink coffee twenty-four seven.”

“I haven’t seen you drink water in over seven years,” Phil replied wryly, “forgive me for doubting you.”

Wilbur scoffed, “I’ve drank water. Please-”

“When was the last time-” Tommy tuned out their conversation. More preoccupied with shining and glittering glass.

Tommy perked up when Wilbur absentmindedly tilted the glass towards him. The fresh sparkling water called to him. And he clambered out of Phil’s grip with clumsy and sore legs. And he stuck his whole head inside the glass. The water rose up, spilling out of the glass. But Tommy didn’t care, he was fucking *downing it*.

“Hey hey hey,” Phil pulled at Tommy’s neck, “you need to drink slowly.”

Tommy leaned his entire weight against Phil’s hand, squirming and chirping as he tried to get back to the water. Wilbur pulled the glass back, laughing softly. “You need to slow down, Tommy. Or else you’ll throw up.”

Tommy *didn’t care*. He whimpered, his ears pinning back. He wanted to drink more. He was still so thirsty. What little he managed to drink was sitting heavily in his stomach, but it wasn’t enough to cure his dry mouth.

“Slowly, Tommy. Slooowly,” Phil reiterated, and then released Tommy’s neck.

Tommy threw his head back into the glass. So quickly that his horns made little *ping* noises as they struck the sides.

“No, no, no,” Wilbur and Phil were trying to pull him out but Tommy hooked his claws onto the side of the glass. It gave Tommy enough time to swallow frantically, *and* he sucked in as much water into his mouth as they dragged him from it. His cheeks were full of liquid.

“Tommy,” Phil said fondly as he admonished the little dragon. “You don’t want to be sick, do you?”

No, but Tommy also hated being thirsty. The glass was nearly empty now, and Tommy swallowed the remains of the water that lingered in his mouth. He felt better already. Phil and Wilbur were just hogging the water. Mean nasty horrible big humans.

Tommy might protest more, but his stomach felt big like it was too full now. Like the time he just ate a whole roasted turkey. Hmm, yes. That was a very good night. He flicked his tail, and curled up on Phil's chest with a sigh. He still felt light and dizzy, but he needed to wait until his tummy was empty before he could eat anything else.

"Aww," Wilbur cooed, setting the glass down somewhere and rubbing at Tommy's back. "He's adorable. I wish I had known he was a dragon ages ago. What a sweetheart."

Phil reached up and scratched at the base of Tommy's horns, "a polite little gentleman." And his hand slid down before resting against the horribly cold metal of the collar. Three chain links still attached to it clicked innocently, and Tommy shivered.

It was cold again. He needed to stay in the shirt to preserve his warmth. Tommy tried to worm his way back into Phil's shirt, but a hand stopped him.

"What *is* that?" Wilbur reached over and touched the cold collar. And he let out an angry hiss as he turned it back and forth, eyeing the runes etched into the metal. Tommy didn't know what they meant, only that it felt very very cold against his raw scales where it rubbed against his neck.

"It's enchanted." Phil held Tommy closer, wrapping the small dragon up in his arms. Tommy burrowed in his arms. Huffing as he felt the heat slowly begin to warm him up.

There was a pause, and Tommy shivered as Wilbur turned it around his neck. "Curse of binding." Wilbur muttered under his breath. "Enchanted to enlarge as he grows bigger."

"Can you get it off?" Phil dragged his hands up and down Tommy's spine soothingly. One of his fingers touched a patch of scales that felt tender, and Tommy let out a warning hiss. Phil made a low, apologetic crooning noise.

"I'll need one of my tools. But yeah, I can cut it off." Wilbur reached up and patted Tommy gently on his head. "Just give me a second and I'll grab it." And Wilbur disappeared from Tommy's sight.

It was then that Tommy noticed that he was in Phil's nest. Thick plump blankets spread over the soft pillows and circular mattress. It was extremely cozy. The glittering jewels that hung from the ceiling caught his eye, and Tommy wanted to hold one in his paws. It was a very good nest. Tommy liked it a lot. But he never trespassed because it wouldn't be very polite.. Tommy peered up at Phil and let out a couple of hoarse chirps. And Phil grinned down at him, his eyes crinkling with happiness. "Hello to you too, Tommy."

Tommy's eyes caught on the emerald earring in Phil's ear. And he craned his neck to look at it. Pressing closely. Phil tried to softly tug him away but Tommy is an unstoppable force. He threw his whole weight into trying to get closer. Yearning to get a better look at it. Phil didn't have a good grip on Tommy to stop him this time. He slid through Phil's fingers and pressed his still wet snout in Phil's ear.

Phil let out a peal of laughter, "stop it, you little shit." And he tried to push Tommy away but Tommy found something interesting! He peeped and his tongue flicked out and caught the

point of Phil's ear. "You little-" Phil laughed again, and the door opened and Wilbur returned.

"Are you already letting the gremlin walk all over you?" Wilbur asked teasingly.

Phil shot Wilbur a deadpan look, and Tommy took the moment of distraction to wrap his tail around his neck and paw at the emerald earring. "Oh, easy sundrop. Don't tug on it. It'll hurt me if you pull on it." Phil hissed slightly, and Tommy let go of it. Watching as it swayed back and forth in rapture. The gem catching the light. "Did you get it?"

"Yeah." Wilbur sat on the edge of the nest. "Come here Tommy, I promise it won't hurt."

Tommy glanced over at Wilbur and-

Oh. Oh no. No no *no no*! Wilbur had clippers! What? Why! Why would-

Wilbur was going to take his wings. He is a *mage*.

Tommy stiffened and would have bolted if Phil didn't grab him. He flapped wildly at the air, but the hands still held him firmly. Tommy let out a yowl of protest. No! No, don't they know they were his wings? They are Tommy's! They can't take them!! Never!

"What is going-"

"Tommy, it's okay!"

"Shh, calm down-"

"Fuck he bit me!" Tommy did in fact, bite Wilbur. He was reaching towards him and Tommy wasn't going to let them cut his wings off! He let out growl, arching his back and baring his teeth. And he would have reached down and nipped at Phil's fingers as well if Phil hadn't hummed an odd note.

"Tommy, do *not bite people*." Phil's voice reverberated and the magic curled around Tommy's heart grew warm. "*Calm down*. There you go. Shhh, it's okay. Wilbur won't hurt you." Tommy could feel his body slumping into Phil's hold. His rapid heart rate slowed down. And Tommy let out a series of distressed peeps.

No! No no no! Tommy couldn't fight back now. He can't stop it. They're going to take *his wings*.

Tommy wanted to fly again.

"It's okay, Tommy. I promise, we won't hurt you." Wilbur reached over and laid a warm hand on Tommy's flank. He rubbed it, trying to be soothing but it failed. Tommy was petrified. He couldn't move, slumped over in Phil's hold. Weakly batting his wings at Phil's to let him free. His body felt so heavy and sluggish, and he could barely wiggle.

There was a cold press of metal against Tommy's scales and he jerked and let out a loud *scream*. It had no message in it. Only the animalistic screech of *fear*.

Wilbur jerked back quickly and the clippers disappeared. At the same time, the door was knocked onto the ground with a loud bang. Tommy shrieked again with the sudden loud noise.

All of Tommy's small and halting movement ceased as he caught sight of the big dragon standing in the empty doorway. Technoblade was breathing hard, his pink hair falling into his face, as red eyes scanning the room before locking onto Tommy.

With a whimper *sorrysorrysorry* Tommy tried to curl up into a little ball. But his limbs were stiffening again. Locking into place. Leaving him unable to even twitch or blink. The big dragon was going to kill Tommy. He had trespassed in his territory.

Phil, Phil, Phil *save him*. Save him. Please. Tommy is a good dragon. Phil needs to protect him. He *promised*. He promised he promised he *promised*.

"Techno *why*." Wilbur sighed, slumping over in defeat, "you aren't even sorry about destroying my home."

The big dragon, Techno, let out a derisive snort. "You know what I think about your little hovel, Wilbur."

Wilbur spluttered in the background, but Tommy was more concerned how Technoblade crossed the room. Getting *closer*. But Tommy couldn't move. Unable to even twitch. Even breathing was hard. The tiny little puffs of air was all Tommy could *do*. "What are you two doing to make him so distressed?" Techno's voice was rumbly and Tommy felt big burning hot hands, so much bigger than Phil's, reach down and pluck him from the fae's grasp. "You nearly gave me a heart attack, hatchling." The sound was so soft and fond, it scared Tommy even more than if Techno was angry.

Please please *please no*. Phil Phil Phil! Save him save him! Please. Why did Phil give him up to the big dragon? Why?

Was it because Tommy was *bad*?

"We're just trying to get the collar off." Phil protested and then reached up and made grabby hands at Tommy. "Give him back, Techno."

"No." Techno turned away, and Tommy's limited vision was obscured by his thin white shirt the dragon wore. If he could *move* Tommy was certain he would be cowering in the corner. "I haven't even met him yet." There was a deep rumble in the big dragon's chest. And Tommy nearly stopped breathing. Technoblade was growling at him! But something prickled at the back of his brain, telling Tommy that it was supposed to be soothing instead of terrifying.

"His name is Tommy." Phil offered up, and Techno big fingers rubbed at a spot behind Tommy's horns. It was a pleasant feeling, but it was overwhelmed by Tommy's fear of the big dragon. He could eat Tommy in one gulp! Probably even less than that! His scales crawled, like ants were marching over him. Except there were no ants, and Tommy couldn't eat them.

“Hello Tommy.” The dragon held Tommy’s frozen form up in his big hot hands, and then gently knocked their foreheads together. Tommy’s little horns too tiny for them to meet Techno’s massive black ones. It was a *greeting*.

Tommy didn't know what was happening. He let out a small little scared warble. It was so soft and barely audible. But Techno bundled Tommy up against his chest and rumbled *hellohellodon'tbescared*.

Tommy was out of his mind terrified. He wished he could run again. But his body was strangely still and locked up.

“What did you do to him?” Wilbur stood up, approaching Techno with his hands held up. Technoblade shifted Tommy around in his arms, so that the little dragon was hidden from Wilbur’s sight. “He’s so... still.”

“It’s a defensive mechanism to hatchlings.” Techno’s warm breath fanned over Tommy’s scales. Oh no, he was going to *eat Tommy now*. “If there is an intruder or an unknown dragon in the nest, they freeze up like this. Many scavengers or thieves think they are statues. For the most part they are ignored, which is ideal. But a couple of centuries ago a thief thought a hatchling to be another trinket of a dragons hoard and stole them. They were hunted down before they sold the hatchling on the market for easy gold.”

“Damn.” Wilbur whistled, he sounded closer. Technoblade tensed up even more. Tommy let out a fearful peep. “We should have asked you to come by sooner.”

Techno growled. Oh. *Oh*. That was a *real growl*. Full of anger and frustration. Tommy’s heart stopped entirely. And a second later, Technoblade made that soft soothing rumble again, chuffing at Tommy. Trying to calm him down. It wasn’t working very well. “You should have informed me the second you found him.” Techno grumbled, “you should have *visited* or I wouldn’t have to hunt you both down and bring you back to my hoard.”

Wilbur let out a shaky nervous laugh, “well, we got distracted you see.”

“Your excuses do not matter.” Techno leveled Wilbur with a blank look, “you’re both coming with me. You know the rules. You broke them.”

“But mate-” Phil piped up.

“Tommy is coming with me.” Techno interjected low, “you can decide if you want to spend the next decade locked in the hoard with him or not. It’s your choice.” What! No! No no no! Tommy didn’t want to be with the big dragon! No.

There was a long pause. And neither of the two men spoke up. And Techno let out a pleased rumble that shook Tommy down to his bones. *Goodgoodgoodhoard*. “That’s what I thought.”

Tommy was getting tired again. He spent forever in a cage and now they were going to cut his wings off and then Phil gave him to the big dragon who *was going to eat him*- this was truly the worst day ever. He had been scared and tense and achy for so long, that suddenly he

couldn't care anymore. Tommy wanted to sleep. If he did then he didn't have to be scared anymore. Tommy wanted this to be *over*.

"Okay, well. I guess while he's holding still." Wilbur edged closer, "I just need to cut that collar off." There was a moment, and then Techno gave Wilbur a shallow nod. Allowing him to come closer.

Tommy weakly squeaked sadly. He didn't want his wings to be cut off. But he was utterly powerless. There was literally nothing he could *do*. He doubted he could turn into a human.

He lost.

Techno's grip grew tighter, and he rumbled again. *Goldgoldgold*. "I can't wait," Techno traced Tommy's horns with a pad of his finger, "for when you imprint on me hatchling. So far away from your nest, you need somebody to protect you. You need a provider, little one. I cannot wait to see you in my hoard."

There was a cold press of iron against Tommy's neck. And he squeezed his eyes shut. There was a firm steady pressure, and Tommy whimpered softly. For several heart stopping seconds, Tommy was waiting for the pain to hit him. And then there was a snap of metal, and the warmth-sucking metal around Tommy's throat fell away.

What?

"Oh, you did so good! I'm putting the tool down. See? It's gone. The worst is over, Tommy." Wilbur cooed, and rubbed at Tommy's neck with a warm hand. "You did so good Tommy. What a wonderful dragon. Holding so still for me. I'm so proud of you." Oh. Wilbur was proud of Tommy?

It made that terrified little ball of emotions in his chest a little bit lighter.

That was it?

No pain? Nothing? Tommy could still feel his wings. It's over?

"Oh yes," Phil peeked around from Techno shoulders, grinning down at Tommy with his sharp teeth. "You did amazing, sundrop. I'm so happy. I think..." He tapped a finger on his chin, "that you deserve a treat, don't you? For being so good."

A treat? Tommy was very hungry. His tummy didn't feel full anymore. And he hasn't eaten in so *long*. He blinked up at Phil. He was so good he is going to get a tasty treat? A yummy one? Is it a golden apple? His tail twitched barely as he tried to wag it. His body was still locked up.

"Oh yes," Wilbur nodded along, leaning up against Techno who didn't even sway with the added weight. Technoblade only huffed, giving Wilbur a fond look. "You deserve such a good treat. I think there is a special one that Phil has in mind though."

Phil's smile got even bigger. "I think there is an apple pie downstairs. It's a little old. But it'll still be very yummy for a lil dragon."

Little?? Little?? Tommy is not little! He is a big and mighty dragon. He let out a protesting snort.

Techno laughed, the motion jostling Tommy in his arms. “You’re going to be a handful, aren’t you?” Techno cupped Tommy’s chin in one big hand and tilted his head until their eyes met. His red eyes were so sharp and scary. But it was softened by a fond look. It matched the expression that Wilbur and Phil sometimes wore whenever Tommy did something funny.

“Well, let’s go to the kitchen,” Phil stepped over the broken door and into the hallway. “Watch out for the... pits. In the floor.”

“Gee, I wonder who’s fault that is.” Wilbur sarcastically wondered out loud, following Phil.

Techno stepped after them, snorting. Tommy held carefully in his arms. “All the more reason for the two of you to move back in with me, Wilbur.”

Wilbur and Phil let out identical squawks of protest in the distance as they slowly got further away from the nest. The footsteps fading away into silence. A faint laugh echoing up the hallway from the kitchen, before that too, was gone.

Leaving a glinting keyring with a little stuffed sheep sitting in the warm sunlight. The soft wool of the stuffed animal was worn, maybe a little torn after being handled by sharp claws. Neat little stitches of thread held back the worst of the tears. It might even look a little sad and old. But it was clearly loved by somebody.

And that’s all that really matters.

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fin.

Chapter End Notes

Some of you might be wondering, where is the bedrock bro centric chapter? Fear not. That's the sequel. I had too many ideas, and I wanted to actually finish up this fic, so Techno and Tommy will be back in a second fic. Featuring: Tommy in a hoard. (It doesn't go as well as you'd think it would.) I am going to be posting other things before I make the sequel. So you guys have to hang on a bit before I throw out the dragon bros.

Special thanks to my friends, MisterGhostFrog, SilverWing15, BitinBoots, HoneyDew_Tea, Live, CorpseArt, EchoandFeather, ChocolatesLovechild, Houxe, and so many others who have inspired me. I haven't finished a fic in so long, and it feels pretty great! I love the community of writers I've found, and they've helped me realize that I want to become an author.

And at last, a special gift for SailingTheNightSea. Thank you! This Christmas gift took me four months to complete, and I would have never have written it if I hadn't met you. You're a wonderful friend!

This has been lovely. And I hope you all enjoyed the ride as much as I have.

End Notes

This is a collection of secret santa fics that a bunch of Dark SBI authors made for each other.

My friend, Bitsinboots, author of Secret of Being Colorful and I have made a discord (MULTIFANDOM NOW as of April 2024) server together. It is a 15+ age server. And it's a dictatorship. But if you'd like to come hang out with us, feel free. Here is the [discord link](#).

If you want me to update faster I want validation, please.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!